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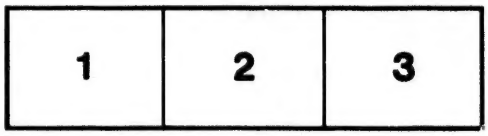

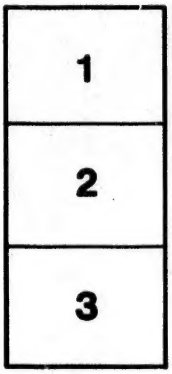

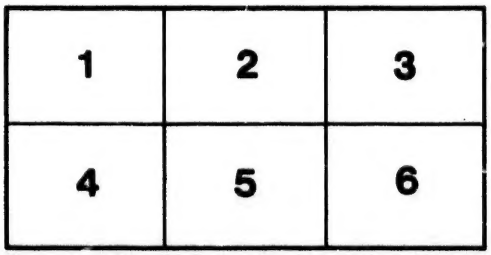

THE WAVE

OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG;

A NEW COLLECTION OF

MUSIC FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, PRAYER-MEETING, SOCIAL AND FAMILY CIRCLE.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."

TORONTO:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL ROSE, AT THE METHODIST BOOK ROOM, KING STREET EAST.

1878.

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THE

Marked favour with which our former publications—the *Sunday School Harp*, the *Sunday School Organ* and the *Sunday School Harmonium*—have been received has induced us to publish THE

WAVE

OF SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG. It is admitted that the catalogue of music-books for Sunday schools is already very lengthy, yet a want has been felt, and a desire expressed, for a book that shall contain more than the proverbial half-dozen good tunes. Such a book we present, confident that as a Collection

OF SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG,

it has never been surpassed. It contains the newest and best productions of the principal writers of Sunday School Song on the Continent, selected by the Rev. J. A. WILLIAMS, D.D., whose experience in this department of work is well known. Neither time nor labour has been spared to render the WAVE worthy of public consideration and popular favour. The pieces are fresh, pure, attractive, and devotional, and will be found to meet the present wants of the Sunday schools of Canada.

Special attention is directed to the following pages: 2, 5, 10, 16, 20, 27, 28, 36, 44, 46, 48, 52, 54, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 80, 86, 95, 98, 102, 106, 111-118, 122, 124, 131, 133, 136, 144, 146, 150, 152, 164, 166-172, 177-180, 183, 186, 188, 191, 196-203.

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RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

THE NOTES.

How many different kinds of notes are there in general use?
Six, viz:, the whole note, half note, quarter note, eighth note, sixteenth note, and thirty-second note.

What is the form of a Whole Note?
It is a round, open, or white note, 𝅝

What is the form of a Half Note?
It is a round, open note, with a stem, 𝅗𝅥

What is the form of a Quarter Note?
It is a black note, with a stem, ♩

What is the form of an Eighth Note?
It is a black note, with a stem and hook, ♪

What is the form of a Sixteenth Note?
It is a black note, with stem and two hooks, 𝅘𝅥𝅯

What is the form of a Thirty-second Note?
A black note, with stem and three hooks, 𝅘𝅥𝅰

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—It is thought unnecessary to occupy much space with Scales and Exercises, as those are usually written on the black board by the teacher, and each one can best adapt his examples to his own classes.

Repeat the table of the relative value of notes.

Whole note 𝅝 = 2 = 4 = 8 = 16 = 32.
Half note 𝅗𝅥 = 2 = 4 = 8 = 16.
Quarter note ♩ = 2 = 4 = 8.
Eighth note ♪ = 2 = 4.
Sixteenth note 𝅘𝅥𝅯 = 2.
Thirty-second note 𝅘𝅥𝅰

EXPLANATION.—One whole note equals two halves, four quarters, eight eighths, &c. One half note equals two quarters, four eighths, eight sixteenths, &c.

LETTERS, STAFF, CLEFS, &c.

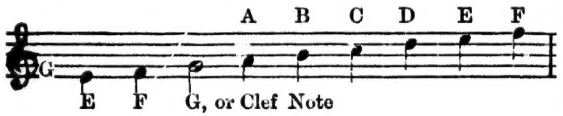
What letters are used in Music?
The first seven letters of the Alphabet, viz., A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The eighth, or octave, is a repetition of the first.

What is a Staff?
A Staff consists of five lines and four spaces, on which the notes are placed, and named regularly by degrees.

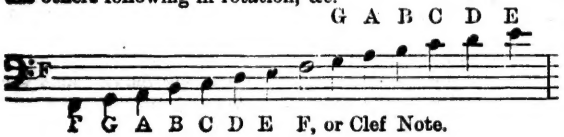
Name the degrees of the Staff—upward and downward.

5th line.
4th space.
4th line.
3d space.
3d line.
2d space.
2d line.
1st space.
1st line.

How are the letters applied to the Staff?
By a Clef or Key, placed at the beginning.
What Clefs are in general use?
The Treble, or G Clef, and the Bass, or F Clef.
On what line is the Treble Clef placed?
On the 2d line, thus giving the letter G to that line, the others following in rotation above and below.
Name the letters on the Staff, commencing with the Clef note.

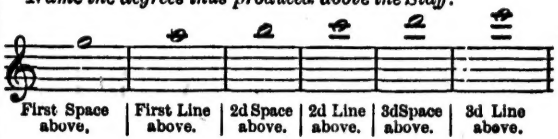


On what line is the Bass Clef placed?
On the fourth line, thus giving the letter F to that line, the others following in rotation, &c.

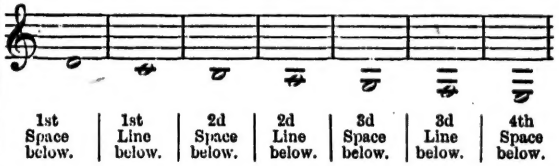


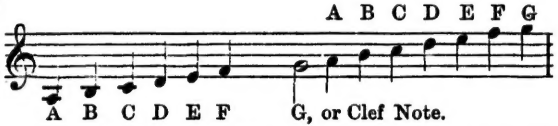
Where are higher or lower notes written?
On added lines, and in the spaces between them, placed above and below the Staff.

Name the degrees thus produced above the Staff.



Name the degrees thus produced below the Staff.





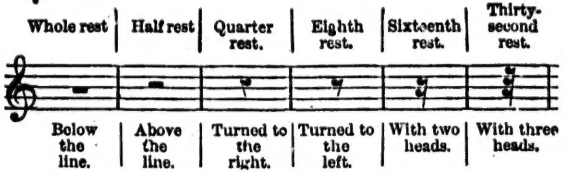
These Scales should be thoroughly committed to memory, so that they can be repeated with equal facility, ascending, or descending, taking care always to name the line or space before naming the letter.

RESTS DOTS, &c.

What are Rests?

Marks indicating silence, corresponding with the different notes.

Describe them.



What is the use of a Dot after a note or rest?

It adds one half to the length of it, consequently a whole note with a dot is equal to *three* halves, and a dotted half will be equal to *three* quarters, &c.

Repeat the table of dotted notes.

A dotted whole note, · equals
A dotted half note, · equals
A dotted quarter, · equals
A dotted eighth, · equals
A dotted sixteenth, · equals

What is a Triplet?

Three notes sung in the time usually given to two of the same denomination.

How is it marked?

With a curved line and a figure 3 over the notes.

What is the meaning of a figure 6 placed over six notes?

It signifies that the six are to be sung in the time of four notes of the same denomination.

TIME.

What are Bars?

Short lines drawn across the Staff to divide the music into equal parts. The music between two of these is also called a bar, or measure.

How many sorts of Time are there?

Two—Common time, and Triple time.

How are they distinguished?

If there is an even number of parts in a bar, it is common time—if an odd number, it is triple time.

Where is the time marked?

At the beginning of every piece of music.

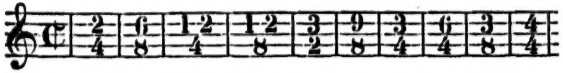
In what manner?

By figures placed in the form of a fraction, which refer to the whole note.

How do the figures refer to the whole note?

As a fraction refers to a whole number, viz., the lower figure, or denominator, shows into how many parts the whole note is divided, and the upper figure, or numerator, shows how many of those parts shall be in a measure.

Explain the following marks of time, showing which are common and which triple.



REMARK.—The 𝄵, at the commencement of the above example, signifies common time; expressing the value of a whole note, or four quarters in a bar.

Is it necessary to count the time exactly as marked by the figures?

No. Two quarters may be counted as four eighths—four quarters as eight eighths.

INTERVALS, SHARPS, FLATS, &c.

What is an Interval?

The difference, or distance, between two sounds.

What is the smallest Interval?

A semitone, or half tone.

What is the use of the Sharp?

A sharp, placed before a note, raises it one semitone.

What is the use of a Flat?

A flat placed before a note, lowers it one semitone.

What is the use of a Natural? (♮)

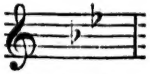
It restores a note that has been raised by a sharp, or lowered by a flat, to its former position again.

What is the meaning of flats and sharps at the beginning of a piece of music?

They affect all notes of corresponding letters throughout the piece.

Ex.

This sharp, being placed on the fifth line, signifies that all the F's are to be sung sharp. And these flats,

Ex. 

being on the third line, and fourth space, signifies that all the B's and E's are to be sung flat.

What are accidental sharps, flats, or naturals?

Those occurring in the piece, but not marked at the beginning.

How long does the influence of an accidental last?

It affects all notes of the same letter in the measure.

Does an accidental ever affect notes in the next measure?

Yes. If the last note of one measure, which has been made sharp, begins the next, that also is sharp. The same is to be observed of flats and naturals.

SIGNATURE.

How do you determine what is the Key Note of a piece of music?

Principally by the Signature, or number of sharps, or flats, at the beginning.

What method have you of discovering the key note?

Every key note is a fifth higher for every additional sharp, and a fifth lower for every additional flat, commencing always

with the Key of C, which has neither sharp nor flat at the signature.

Name the order of keys with sharps.

The key of C has no sharp, G has one, D has two, A has three, E has four, B has five, F sharp has six, and C sharp has seven.

Name the order of keys with flats.

The key of C has no flat, F has one, B flat has two, E flat has three, A flat has four, D flat has five, G flat has six, and C flat has seven.

What letter is sharped in the key of G?
F.
What letters are sharped in the key of D?
F and C.
In the key of A?
F, C, and G.
In the key of E?
F, C, G, and D.
In the key of B?
F, C, G, D, and A.
In the key of F sharp?
F, C, G, D, A, and E.
In the key of C sharp?
F, C, G, D, A, E, and B.
What letter is flat in the key of F?
B.
What letters are flat in the key of B flat?
B and E.
In the key of E flat?
B, E, and A.
In the key of A flat?
B, E, A, and D.
In the key of D flat?
B, E, A, D, and G.
In the key of G flat?
B, E, A, D, G and C.
In the key of C flat?
B, E, A, D, G, C, and F.

MUSICAL SIGNS.

What is the use of double Bars?

They are placed in the middle, or at the end, of a piece of music, to show that a part, or the whole, is finished.

What is the use of Dots at a bar, or double bar?

They show that the part of music which is on the same side as the dots, is to be repeated.

What is the use of this sign? (𝄋)

It is used to designate the place from which the performer is to repeat. The second time it occurs, it is usually accompanied by the words, "*Dal Segno*," meaning "from the sign." The performer then returns to the first sign and repeats.

What is the meaning of Da Capo?

From the beginning.

What is the meaning of Da Capo Al Segno?

From the beginning at the sign

Why are the words first and second time sometimes placed at the double bar in the middle of a movement?

Ex.

The dots at the double bar show that the part is to be repeated, and the figures denote that the performer, in singing it through the second time, is to omit the bar marked one, and sing that marked two instead.

What are Tied Notes?

When two notes on the same line, or space, are joined by a curved line, over or under them, the first only is sung, and allowed the full time of both.

What is the use of a Double Sharp?

A double sharp (𝄪) raises a note two semitones

What is the use of Double Flat?

A double flat (𝄫) lowers a note two semitones.

How is a single sharp or flat replaced, after a double one?

By a natural and sharp, or a natural and flat.

What is singing Legato?

Singing smoothly, and blending one note with the next; it is indicated by a curved line under or over the notes.

What is singing Staccato?

Separating the notes, and singing the notes short and distinct from each other; it is indicated by dots, or pointed specks, placed over the notes.

What is the use of a Pause? (𝄐)

A pause over a note, or rest, indicates that the performer may hold, or pause, as long as he thinks proper.

Why is a pause sometimes placed over a double bar?

A pause, or the word Fine, signifies that the piece is to end there, after a Da Capo.

What is the meaning of the word Bis?

Twice—that is—the passage over which it is placed, is to be repeated.

As one dot after a note increases its length one half, what is the effect of a second dot?

The second dot is equal to half the first; consequently, a quarter note with two dots, is equal to a quarter, eighth, and sixteenth.

In what manner is a WHOLE BAR REST *marked?*

The same as a WHOLE NOTE REST, be the value of the bar what it may.

How are Rests for more than one bar marked?

For two bars rest, it is made from one line to the next; for four bars, one line to the next but one. Sometimes a figure expressing the number of bars is placed over the sign of the rest, and when the number of bars rest is large, figures *only* are used.

How do you count several bars Rest?

By naming the number, instead of the word ONE, at the first of each bar.

Ex.

These five bars rest should be counted

| 1, 2, 3, | 2, 2, 3, | 3, 2, 3, | 4, 2, 3, | 5, 2, 3, |

instead of always one, two, three.

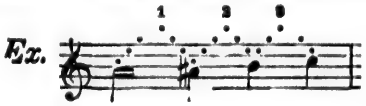
Explain the difference between Melody and Harmony.

Melody is a succession of sounds. Harmony is a combination of sounds.

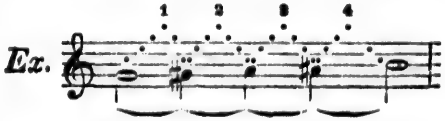
INTERVALS.

What is a Tone?
Two semitones—thus, the interval from G to G sharp is a semitone, and from G sharp to A is a semitone — consequently, the interval from G to A is a whole tone.

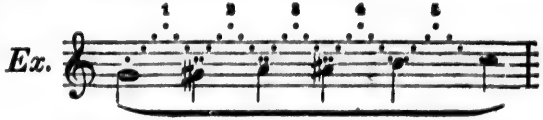
What is a Minor, or lesser third?
It consists of three semitones from the note named.



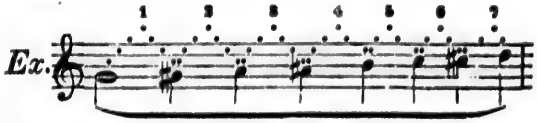
What is a Major, or greater third?
It consists of four semitones from the note named.



How many semitones has a fourth?
Five semitones from the note named.

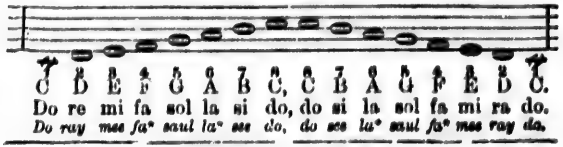


How many semitones has a perfect fifth?
Seven.



It will be observed that all intervals are reckoned upwards from the note named, unless the contrary is expressed.

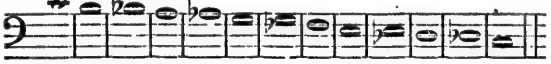
DIATONIC SCALE.



*Pronounce the *a* as in *sar*.

CHROMATIC SCALE.

C C♯ D D♯ E F F♯ G G♯ A A♯ B C
1 ♯1 2 ♯2 3 4 ♯4 5 ♯5 6 ♯6 7 8
Do do re re mi fa fa sol sol la la si do.

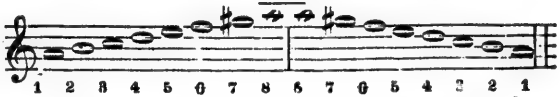


C B B♭ A A♭ G G♭ F E E♭ D D♭ C
8 7 ♭7 6 ♭6 5 ♭5 4 3 ♭3 2 ♭2 1
Do si si la la sol sol fa mi mi ra ra do.

EXPLANATION.—When naming the chromatic intervals by numerals, say—sharp one, sharp two, flat six, flat seven, &c.; but, when naming them by letters, C sharp, B flat &c.

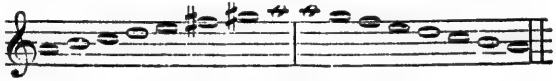
NOTE.—The author thinks the European system of not changing the vowel sounds in the chromatic scale, preferable to the practice so much in vogue, as many bad habits arise that require much after-practice and instruction to eradicate. Those who choose, however, can still use the old plan by simply changing the vowel sound of the syllable in ascending to E, whenever a sharp occurs—and to A in descending, whenever a flat is use.

MINOR SCALE—HARMONIC FORM.



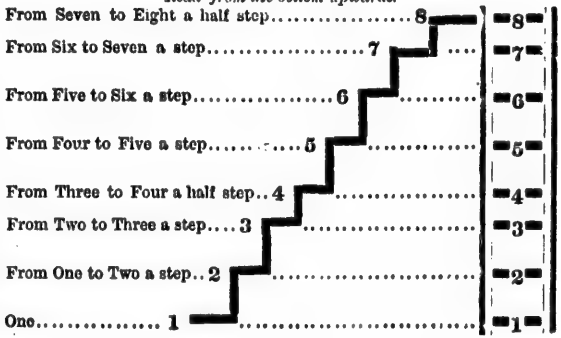
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
La si do ra mi fa sol la la sol fa mi ra do si la.

MINOR SCALE—MELODIC FORM.



THE MUSICAL LADDER.

Read from the bottom upwards.



EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

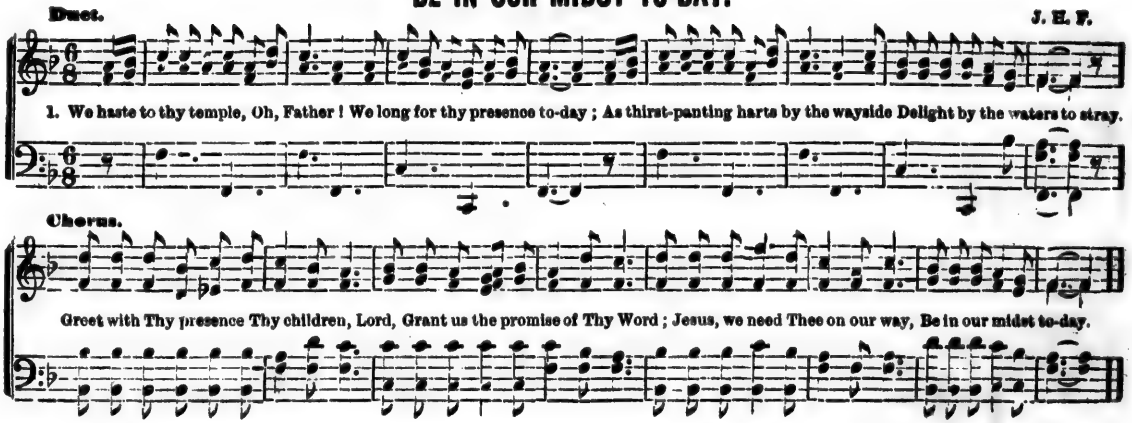
A Capella, in the Church style.
Accelerando, with gradually increasing velocity of movement.
Accoplate, the union of two parts.
A Cinque, for five voices or instruments.
Adagio, very slow and expressive, admitting of much grace and embellishment.
Ad Libitum, at will or discretion.
Affanoso, with mournful expression.
Affettuoso, with tenderness and pathos.
Affrettando, accelerating, hurrying the time.
Agitato Un Poco, with slight agitation.
Agitato, with agitation, anxiously.
Allegro, a brisk and sprightly movement.
Allegretto, somewhat cheerful, but not so quick as *Allegro*.
Allentando, decreasing the time.
Allonger, to develop, to lengthen.
Al Rigore di Tempo, in strict time.
Alto, counter, or higher tenor.
Amorosa, in a soft and tender style.
Ancora, once more, repeat again.
Andante, a slow and distinct movement.
Andantino, a little slower than *Andante*.
Animato, with animation, in a spirited manner.
Anthem, a musical composition set to sacred prose.
Appassionamento, with intensity and depth of feeling.
Ardito, boldly, energetically.
Articolare, to articulate distinctly each note.
A Tempo, in time, or return to the original time.
Audace, with boldness.
Bass, the lowest part in music.
Ben Marcato, well marked.
Bicinium, a composition in two parts.
Bis, twice, or the repetition of a passage in music.
Bravura, with vigor, with boldness.
Cadence, an ornamental passage at the close of a piece.
Cantabile, elegant, graceful, melodeous.
Cantata, a composition for one voice, with intermixture of air and recitative.
Canto, the highest vocal part in choral music.
Canto Recitative, the combination of an air and recitative.
Chorus, a composition or passage designed for a full choir.
Chromatic, a term given to accidental semitones.
Coda, a few bars added at the close of a composition.
Colla Voce, the accompanist must follow the singer in regard to time.
Con Affetto, in an affecting manner.
Con Anima, with animation and feeling.
Con Audace, with boldness.
Con Delicatezza, with peculiar sweetness.
Con Dolore, mournfully, with grief and pathos.
Con Energia, with energy.
Con Expressione, with expression.
Con Spirito, with quickness and spirit.
Counter Tenor, the highest adult male voice, and the lowest female voice.
Crescendo, Cres., or (<), with an increasing sound.
Crescendo Poco-a-poco, to increase the sound little by little.
Da Capo, or D. C., from the beginning; finish with the first strain.
Decissimo, with greatest decision and firmness of touch.
Diatonic Scale, the seven gradations of tone arranged in conformity with some particular key.
Diminuendo, Dim., or (>), with a decreasing sound.
Divoto, devoutly, in a solemn style.
Dolce, or Dol., implies a soft and sweet style of performance.
Dolcissimo, with extreme sweetness.
Duet, a composition for two voices.
Dynamics, the various degrees of sound.
Eleganza, with elegance, gracefully.
Encore, an expression employed by audiences desiring a piece repeated.
Estro, elegance and grace.
Falsetto, certain notes of a man's voice above its natural compass.
Fine, the termination of a musical composition.
Forte, or f., loud.
Fortissimo, or ff., very loud.
Forzando, or fz., the notes over which it is placed are to be boldly struck, with strong emphasis.
Fugue, a composition in which one or more of the parts lead and the rest follow in different intervals of time.
Gaiemente, in a cheerful and lively style.
Glee, a composition for three or more voices, generally in cheerful style.
Glissicato, in a gentle and gliding manner.
Grave, a very slow and solemn movement; deep, low, in the scale of sounds.
Gravemmente, with gravity, dignified and solemn.
Grazioso, graceful; a smoothe and gentle style of execution, approaching to piano.
Guerriero, in a martial style.
Homophonous, voices in unison.
Hurtig, quick; a movement similar to *Allegro*.
Iambus, a musical foot, consisting of one short and one long note.
Il Passo Tempo, a short composition intended as a diversion.
Il Tempo Crescendo, accelerating the time.
Il Volteggiare, crossing the hands in piano music.
Imitando, imitating the inflections of the voice.
Imitazione, a composition wherein each part is made to imitate the other.
Inquieto, perturbed, uneasy, with disquietude.
Interval, the distance between any two sounds.

Interlude, an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages.
In Tripoli, a composition in three parts.
Justesse, exactness or purity of intonation.
Klein, minor, in regard to intervals.
Lamentando, plaintively, mournfully.
Largamente, in a full, free, style of perfomance.
Larghetto, slow and measured in its movement, but less so than *Largo*.
Largo, a very slow and solemn movement.
Legatissimo, very smoothly connected.
Legato, a close, gliding style of performance.
Leggiermente, with lightness, gayety.
Lentando, with increased slowness.
Lento, or Lentemente, in slow time.
Madrigale, an elaborate composition for voices in five or six parts.
Maestoso, with majesty and grandeur.
Major, greater, in respect to intervals and modes.
Marcato, in a marked and emphatic style.
Medessimo Tempo, in the same time.
Melody, an agreeable succession of sounds.
Mestoso, sadly, pensively.
Mezza Voce, with a medium fullness of tone.
Moderato, between *Andante* and *Allegro*.
Motetto, a piece of sacred music for several voices.
Nobilmente, with nobleness; grandeur.
Obligato, a part or parts of a composition indispensable to its just performance, and which cannot properly be omitted.
Oratorio, a species of sacred musical composition, consisting of airs, recitatives, duets, trios, choruses, &c.
Overture, in dramatic music, is an instrumental strain, which serves as an introduction.
Orchestra, the place for band of musical performers.
Parlando, in a speaking or declamatory manner.
Pastorale, a composition generally written in measure of 6-4 or 6-8, the style of which is soothing, tender and delicate.
Piano, Pia., or P., soft.
Pianissimo, Pianiss., or PP., very soft.
Poco Animato, a little more animated.
Poco Adagio, a little slow.
Poco Piu Mosso, a little faster.
Poco a Poco, by degrees, gradually.
Poco a Poco Crescendo, louder and louder by degrees.
Poco a Poco Diminuendo, softer and softer by degrees.
Poco Piano, somewhat soft.
Presto, quick.
Prestissimo, very quick.
Primo, first; as *Primo Tempo*, return to the original time.
Primo Tempo, at the point at which it is placed, renew the original time.
Quartette, a composition for four voices.
Quartetto, a composition consisting of parts, each of which occasionally takes the leading melody.
Quintette, a composition for five voices.
Rallentando, a gradual diminution in the speed, and a corresponding decrease in the quantity of tone.
Recitative, a species of musical recitation. It was first introduced in the year 1600, at Rome.
Refrain, an old term for the burden of song.
Rinforzo, or R F., with additional tone and emphasis.
Ritardando, a gradual retarding or slackening of the time and tone.
Rotondo, round and full, as regards tone.
Sanctus, a part of the mass in Catholic service.
Scherzando, in a light, playful and sportive manner.
Semichorus, a chorus to be sung by only a portion of the voices.
Sempre, always; *Sempre Staccato*, always staccato or detached; *Sempre Forte*, always loud; *Sempre Piu Forte*, continually increasing in force.
Siciliano, a composition written in measure of 6-4 or 6-8, to be performed in a slow and graceful manner.
Soli, two or more principal parts played or sung together.
Solo, a passage for a single voice or instrument, with or without accompaniments.
Sonoramente, with a full, vibrating kind of tone.
Soprano, the treble or higher voice part.
Sostenendo, an even degree of tone throughout.
Sotto Voce, in a soft or subdued manner, in an undertone.
Spirituoso, with spirit.
Staccato, the opposite to *Legato*; requiring a short, articulate, and distinct style of performance.
Suavemente, with sweetness and delicacy of expression.
Subito, quickly, turn over quickly.
Symphony, a passage to be executed by instruments, while the vocal performers are silent.
Syncopate, syncopated, bound together.
Te Deum, a hymn of thanksgiving.
Tempo, time; or the degree of movement.
Tempo Primo, return to the original time.
Tempo Marcia, in time of a march.
Tenor, the highest male voice.
Timoroso, with awe and timidity.
Treble, the acute part, that which, in general, contains the melody.
Trio, a composition for three voices or instrustruments.
Tutti, all; all together.
Un Poco Ritenuto, gradually slower.
Variamento, varied, changed, altered.
Vellutatto, softly and smoothly.
Velocissimo, with extreme rapidity.
Verse, one singer to each part.
Vigoroso, with energy.
Volante, in a light and rapid manner.
Volti, turn over.
Zeloso with zeal; enthusiastically.

THE WAVE

OF SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG.

BE IN OUR MIDST TO-DAY.



2 We haste to Thy temple, Oh, Father!
Our fast-fading strength to renew;
Bind up Thou the wounded in spirit,
Our faith and our courage renew.

3 We haste to Thy temple, dear Father,
Smile down from Thy glory above;
We shall not grow weary well-doing,
If blest with Thy presence of love.

"WITH JOY WE HAIL THE SACRED DAY."

T. C. O'KANE

1 With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has call'd His own, With joy the summons
2 Thy chos - en tem - ple, Lord how fair, As here Thy ser-vants throng To breathe the hum - ble

Chorus.

we o - bey To wor-ship at His throne. Un-to the Lord glad-ly we raise Anthems of
fer-vent prayer, And pour the grateful song.

Un - to the Lord glad - ly we raise.

love, off'rings of praise. Heaven-ly Father, hear our grateful lay This blessed Sabbath day.

Anthems of love, off'rings of praise.

3 Spirit of grace. Oh deign to dwell,
Within Thy church below,
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own,
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at Thy throne.

LET THY MERCY SHINE ON ME.

W. T. GIFFE.

Moderato.

1 { Pass me not, Oh gen - tle Sa - viour, Sin - ful though my heart may be;
{ Nev - er leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy (*Omit.*) - - - - - - - - - - mer - cy shine on me.

Chorus.

E - ven me, ... Oh blessed Sa - viour, Let Thy mer . . . . cy shine on me,
E - ven me, Oh blessed Saviour, e - ven me, Let Thy mercy shine on me, e - ven me,

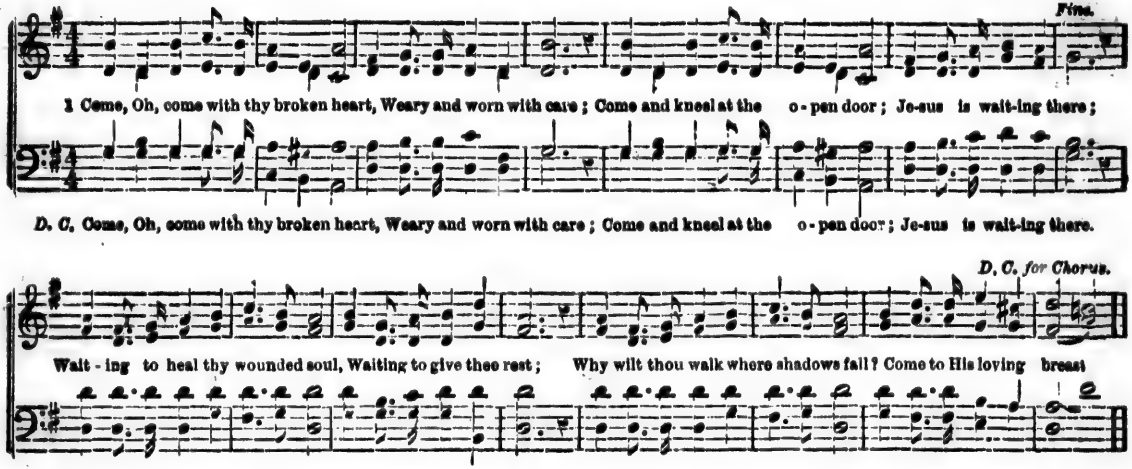
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - - - - cy shine on me,
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mercy shine on me, e - ven me.

4 Pass me not, Oh loving Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
For I'm longing for Thy favour,
Whilst thou'rt calling, Oh, call me.

5 Pass me not, Oh mighty Saviour,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Thy great merit,
Speak some word of power to me.

COME WITH THY BROKEN HEART.

T. E. PERKINS.



2 Firmly cling to the blessed cross,
There shall thy refuge be;
Wash thee now in the crimson fount,
Flowing so pure for thee;
List to the gentle, warning voice,
List to the earnest call;
Leave at the cross thy burden now,
Jesus will bear it all.

3 Come and taste of the precious feast,
Feast of eternal love;
Think of joys that forever bloom,
Bright in the life above;
Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be saved by grace;
Come, for He loves to clasp thee now,
Close in His dear embrace.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Walk in the light the Lord hath giv'n, To guide thy steps a - right; His Ho - ly Spirit sent from Heav'n,
2 Walk in the light of Gospel truth, That shines from God's own Word; A light to guide in ear-ly youth,

Can cheer the dark - est night. Walk . . . . in the light, ... walk . . . . in the
The faith-ful of the Lord. Walk in the light, in the beau-ti-ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the

Chorus.

light, ... Walk . . . . in the light, ...
beautiful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beau-ti-ful light of God. Walk in the light, the light of God.

3 Walk in the light! though shadows dark,
Like spectres cross thy way;
Darkness will flee before the light
Of God's eternal day.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt know
The love of God to thee;
The fellowship so sweet below,
In heav'n will sweeter be.

SCHOLAR'S GREETING SONG.

Brisk. T. C. O'KANE.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues. But
2 "Wor-thy the Lamb that d e l," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus;" "Wor-thy the Lamb," our hearts re-ply, "For

Refrain.

all their joys are one. We come, we come. Our Saviour's name to praise. We
He was slain for us." We come, we come, we come, we come, We

Repeat softly.

come, we come, His name to praise.
come, we come, we come, we come, His glorious name to praise.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

OVER THE RIVER.

Gracioso. GEO. F. ROOT.

1 Over the riv-er! Oh, what is there? O-ver the riv-er, the riv - er? Hearts ev - er hap - py and souls ev - er fair, Basking in glory for - ev - er.

Chorus.

O-ver the riv-er, the riv - er wide, O - ver the beau - ti-ful riv - er, Angels and blessed immortals a - bide, Sinless and happy for - ev - er.

2 Over the river! Oh, who is there–
Over the river, the river?
Friends who have gone from our earth-life to share,
Life from the Bountiful Giver.

3 Over the river, Oh, wonderful land,
Over the river, the river!
Happy and holy each radiant band,
May we be with them forever.

NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE.

ASA HULL.

Duet. *Alto and Tenor.* **Quartett.**

1 { No book is like the Bi - ble, For child-hood, youth, and age; }
{ Our du - ty plain and sim - ple, We find on ev - ery page. }

It came by in - spi - ra - tion A light to guide our way, A voice from Him who gave it, Re - prov - ing when we stray.

Chorus.

No book is like the Bi-ble, The bless - ed book we love; The pil-grim's chart of glo - ry, It leads, it leads, it leads to God a - bove.

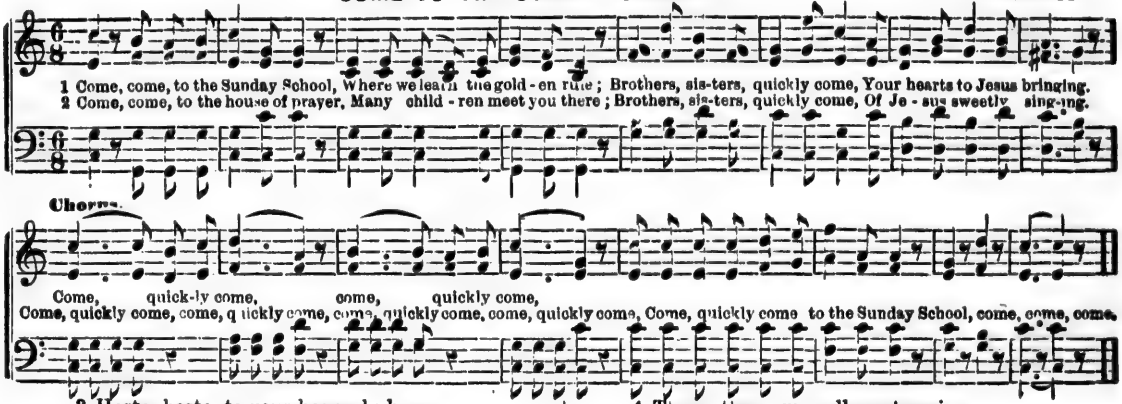
NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE. Concluded.

2 It tells of man's creation,
His sad primeval fall;
It tells of man's redemption,
Thro' Christ who died for all.
In sacred words of wisdom,
It bids us watch and pray,
And early come to Jesus,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

3 O, let us love the Bible,
And praise it more and more;
Our life is like a shadow,
Our days will soon be o'er.
But if we closely follow
The counsel God has given,
We then may hope with angels
To sing his praise in heaven.

COME TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

J. W. BISCHOFF.



3 Haste, haste, to your heavenly home,
Where we'll stand by the golden throne;
Saints and angels lead the song,
Of Jesus sweetly singing.

4 There, there, we will meet again,
Where we're free from sin and pain;
Brothers, sisters there we'll join,
Of Jesus sweetly singing.

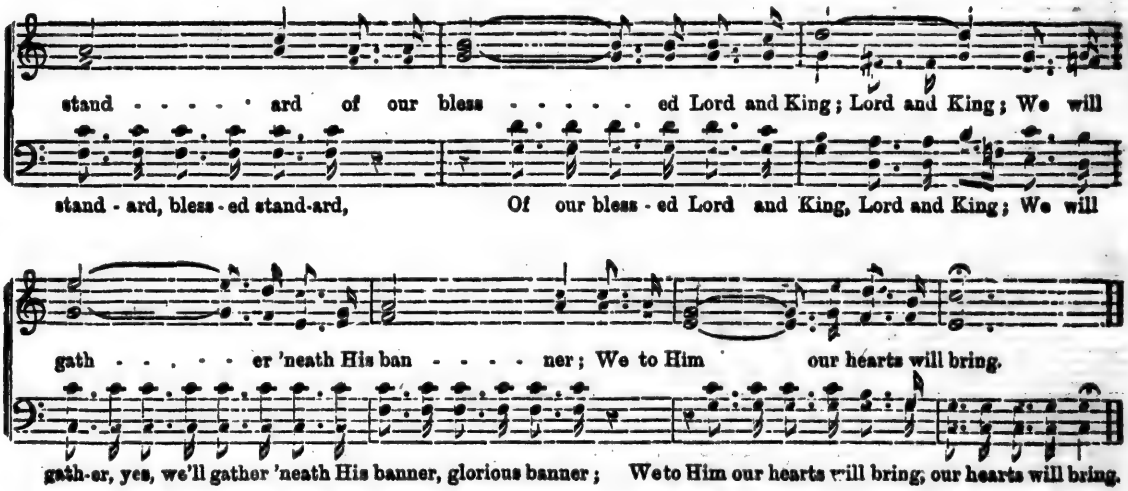
WE WILL RALLY TO THE STANDARD.

W. T. GIFFE.

1 We will ral - ly to the standard Of our bless - ed Lord and King; We will gath-er 'neath His banner; We to Him our hearts will bring; We will come to Him, our Saviour; With His blood He hath us bought; He hath said, "Let lit - tle children Come to Me, for-bid them not." We will ral - - - - - - - ly to the

We will ral - ly, yes, we'll ral - ly to the

WE WILL RALLY TO THE STANDARD. Concluded.



2 Children, come, our ranks are open;
We will give the welcome hand;
Come with us, our Prince is calling,
Come and join our happy band;
We have Jesus for our Captain,
He will keep us from all harm,
Where He leads us we will follow,
Trusting in His saving arm.

3 He will give us peace and pardon;
He will name us as His own;
He will crown us with His glory;
He will guide us to the throne;
Never let us faint or falter,
Never weary, never wait;
Onward, onward, God is with us,
Onward to the golden gate.

THE BLESSED BOOK.

Animato.

TOM C. NEAL.

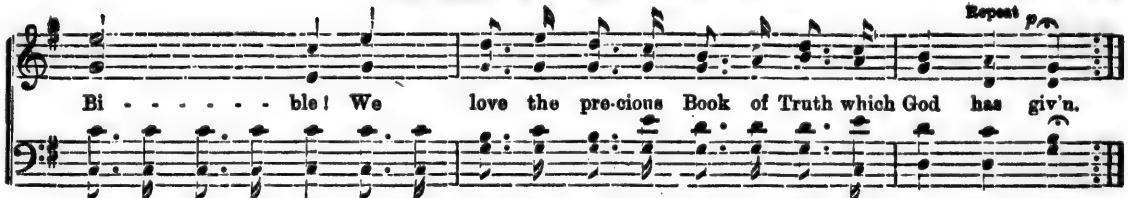
1 There's a book which surpass - es the sag - es, A vol - ume of wis - dom di - vine; And the glo - ry that gleams from its pages, No splendour of earth can outshine

Chorus.

'Tis the Bi - - - - ble! the Bi - - - - - ble! Our guiding star that leads from earth to heaven! The Bi - - - - - ble! the bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble! Our guid-ing star that leads from earth to heaven! The blessed, bless-ed Bi - ble! the

'Tis the blessed, blessed Bible! the

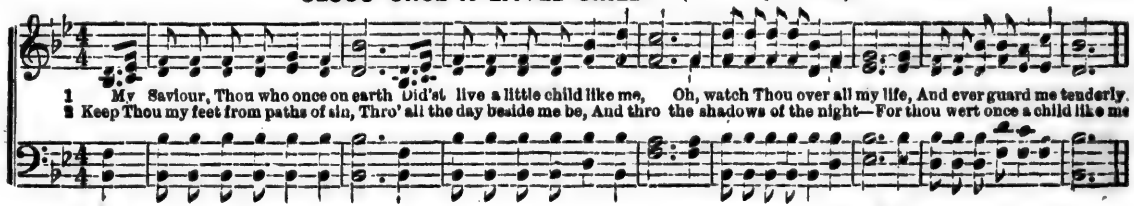
THE BLESSED BOOK. Concluded.



2 'Tis the light which will guide us to glory,
The sword of the Spirit of might;
And to dwell on its beautiful story,
Is of heaven the sweetest delight.

3 It reveals where a fountain is flowing,
Which washes the soul from its stain
Age and sorrow are comforted, knowing
With earth they shall part with all pain.

JESUS ONCE A LITTLE CHILD. (Primary Class.)



3 Forgive, O Lord, when I forget,
And may my love for Thee endure,
As thou dost know and understand
My childish heart, Oh, keep it pure.

4 And make me gentle, kind, and true,
My life what Thou would'st have it be,
My Saviour, Thou who once on earth
Wert just a little child like me.

THE KINGDOM ABOVE.

J. H. TENNEY.

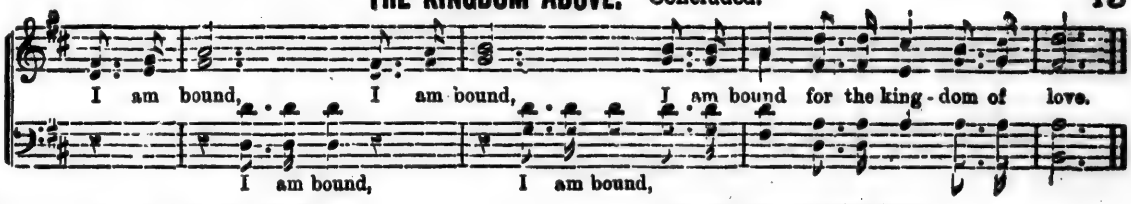
1 There's a king-dom a-bove, 'Tis a king-dom of love, Where the Lord and His ransom'd a - bide;
2 There's a stream in that land, In that beau - ti - ful land, 'Tis the riv - er of life and of love;

And its bliss I shall share, For I'm jour-ney-ing there, With the Lord as my lead - er and guide.
I shall stand on its brink, Of its pure waters drink In the king-dom of glo - ry a - bove.

Chorus.

I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the kingdom a - bove,
I am bound, I am bound, the king-dom a-bove.

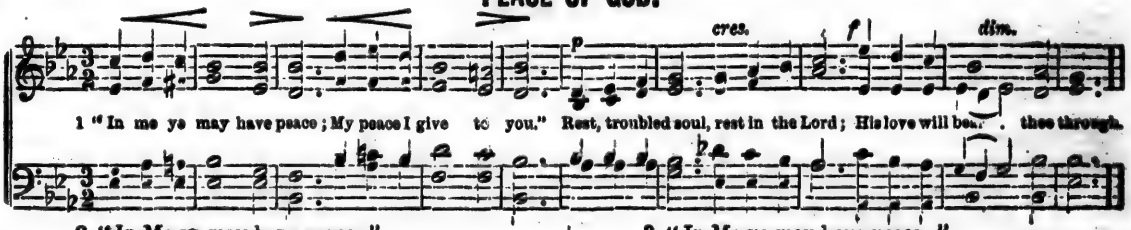
THE KINGDOM ABOVE. Concluded.



3 There's a crown in that land,
In that beautiful land,
Yes, a crown that is golden and fair;
At my Saviour's command,
I shall go to that land,
And shall wear it eternally there.

4 There's a home in that land,
In that beautiful land,
'Tis all glorious, and golden, and fair;
Very soon, very soon,
When my life-work is done,
I shall take up my dwelling-place there.

PEACE OF GOD.



2 "In Me ye may have peace:"
Though wars against thee rise,
Hope thou in God, be not dismayed
Lift up thy weeping eyes.

3 "In Me ye may have peace:"
Dear Lord our refuge be;
In weal or woe, in life or death,
We would abide in Thee.

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

DICK LYON.

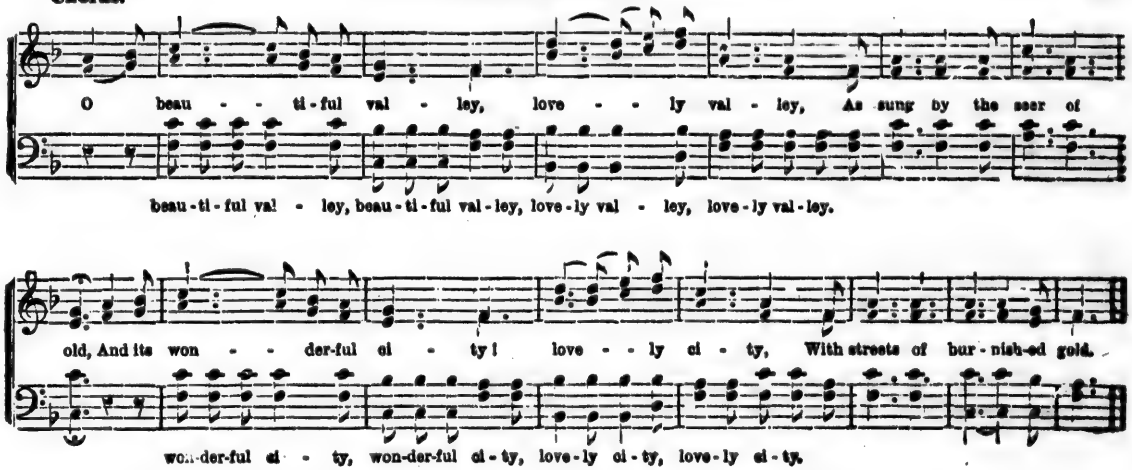
1 There's a beau - ti-ful val - -ey brought to view, From the place where my feet have trod, With a crys - tal riv - er
2 This beau - ti-ful val - ley, clad in green, As the bards were wont to tell, Is the love - li-est spot that

pass - - ing through, That flows from the throne of God. On eith - er side of this love - ly vale Is the tree of
eye hath seen, Where the meek and the low - ly dwell. The storms of an - ger and pride that break On the sides of the

life so fair, Whose leaves and fruits with the sun's soft beams Breathe health on the balm - y air.
hills a - bove, When fierce winds war and moun - tains shake, Come not to this vale of love.

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.



3 This beautiful vale is the home of peace,
'Tis Emmanuel's land most fair,
Where doubts, and fears, and discords cease,
For the spirit of love is there;
And visions bright of a lovelier clime
Cheer the humble dwellers there,
And angel voices whisper, "come,
Oh, come to the vale most fair."

4 'Tis here we'll dwell, in this lovely vale,
While our forms are growing old,
And when our mortal life shall fail,
And in death our hands we fold,
We'll meekly tread the lowly path,
That the great Redeemer trod,
And live with Him in our home above,
In the city of our God.

WHEN MY WEARY HANDS ARE FOLDED.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 When my wea - ry hands are fold - ed on my faint - ly throb - bing breast, And my soul has spread her pin - ions for the ci - ty of the blest; 'Twill be sweet to hear the lov'd ones sing some dear, fa - mil-iar song, As I rise to join the cho-rus of the blood-wash'd, ho-ly throng.

rit.

WHEN MY WEARY HANDS ARE FOLDED. *(Concluded)*

2 But a greater joy 'twill give me if some toiling one can say,
I have helped to bear his burden and have cheered him on the way;
Oh! I'll praise His grace forever who hath died to ransom me,
And hath chosen me a sharer in His blessed work to be.

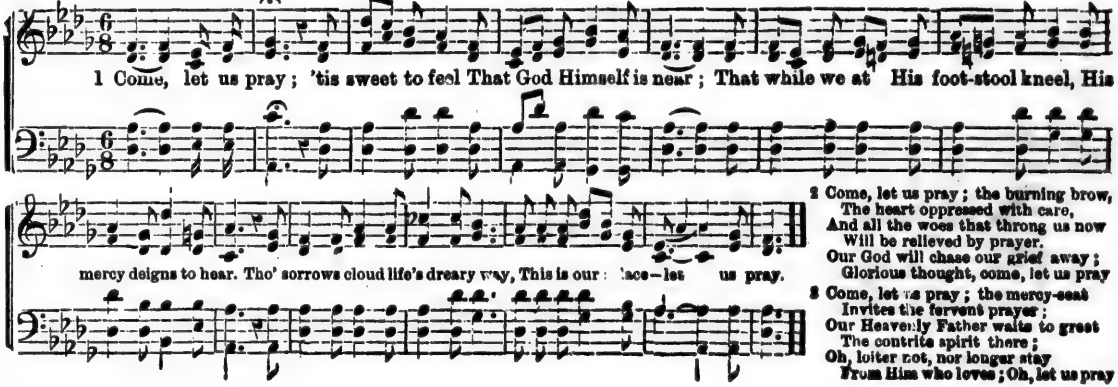
3 When the songs of earth are over, and my last "good-bye" is said,
When my lifeless form they follow to the dwelling of the dead;
'Twill be sweet if friends remember and shall mark the quiet spot,
Telling only that the sleeper hath not quickly been forgot.

4 But if one poor weary wand'rer shall be guided home by me,
'Twere a grander, nobler column throughout all eternity;
And to Him shall be the glory unto whom all praise is due,
For the love that hath redeemed us, and hath made my heaven two.

5 When among the ransomed millions by His grace redeemed I stand,
Then my song shall swell the chorus of the glad triumphant band;
Oh, how sweet will be the resting when my conflicts all are past,
Oh, the mighty "Alleluia" of our victory at last!

COME, LET US PRAY.

WM. RICE.



2 Come, let us pray; the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now
Will be relieved by prayer.
Our God will chase our grief away;
Glorious thought, come, let us pray

3 Come, let us pray; the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer;
Our Heavenly Father waits to greet
The contrite spirit there;
Oh, loiter not, nor longer stay
From Him who loves; Oh, let us pray

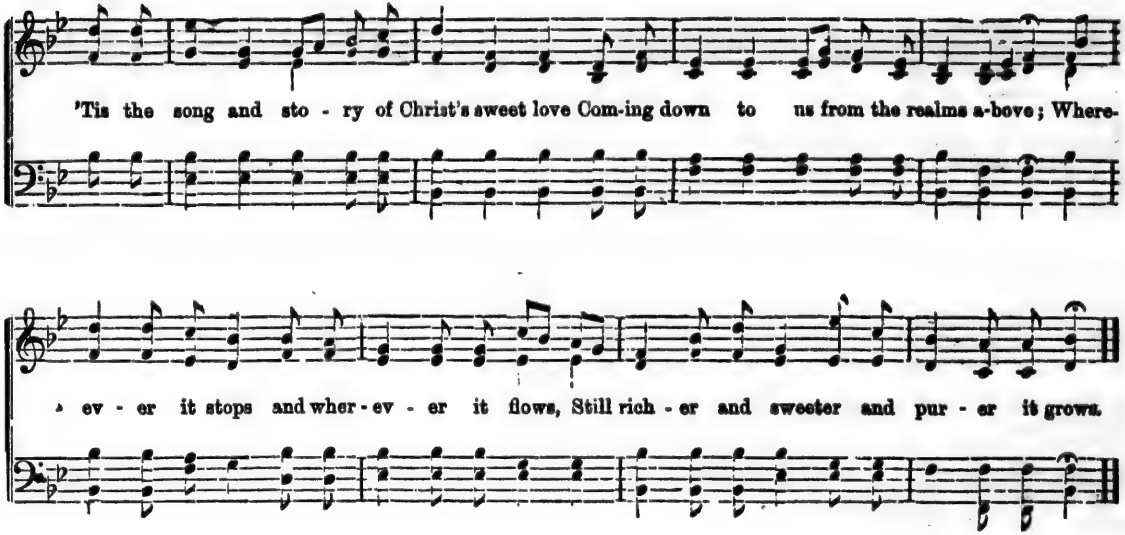
THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG

E. A. HANCHET.

1 There's an old, old song of a love so deep, That its choicest treasure it would not keep,

Till it bless'd a world with its dawn - ing light Of a sun that scat - ters the dark - est night.

Chorus.

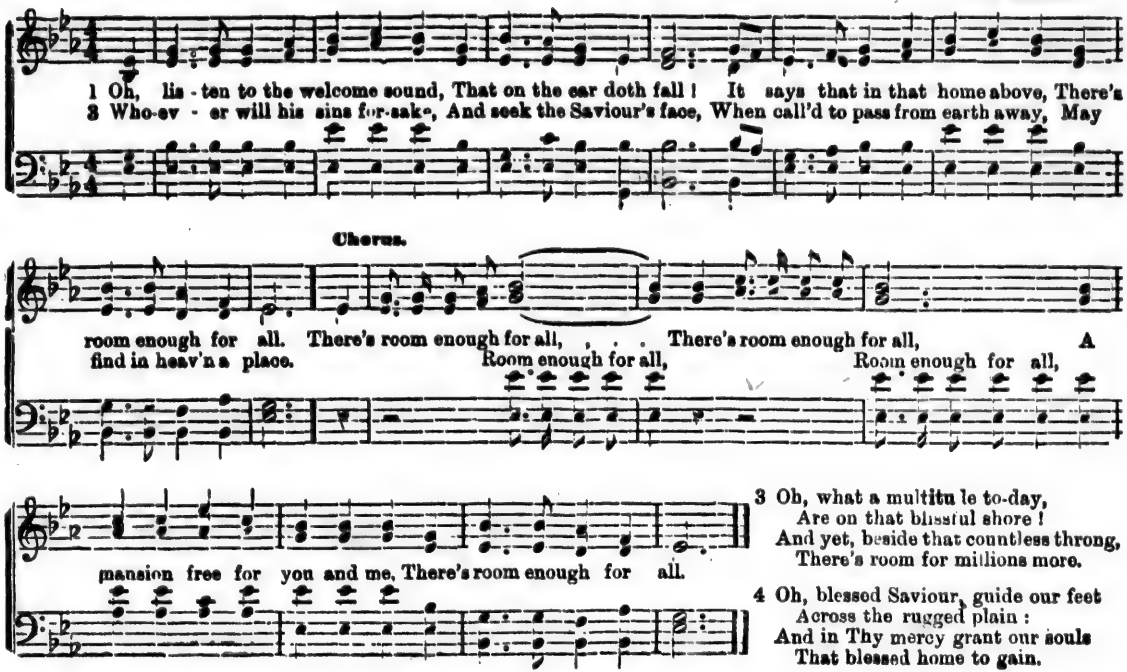


2 You may seem to sing with no hearers now,
And the thorns, not laurels, may crown your brow,
If you love it here, in the din and strife,
'Twill be sweeter soon by the tree of life.

3 O! the ceaseless praise that we there shall sing;
Here its echo falls, there its full chimes ring.
But the endless years will be none too long,
To recite the love of this old, old song.

THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.

C. H. GABRIEL.



3 Oh, what a multitu le to-day,
Are on that blissful shore !
And yet, beside that countless throng,
There's room for millions more.

4 Oh, blessed Saviour, guide our feet
Across the rugged plain :
And in Thy mercy grant our souls
That blessed home to gain.

SING OF HIS LOVE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing, Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,

Chorus.

Glo-rious in His works and ways. Sing of His love, ye angels of light, Carol His praise, ye seraphs so bright, Join in the song, ye saints, with delight, Praising the name, wonderful name of Jesus.

Sing of His love, ye angels of light, Carol His praise, ye seraphs so bright, Join in the song, ye saints, with delight, Praising the

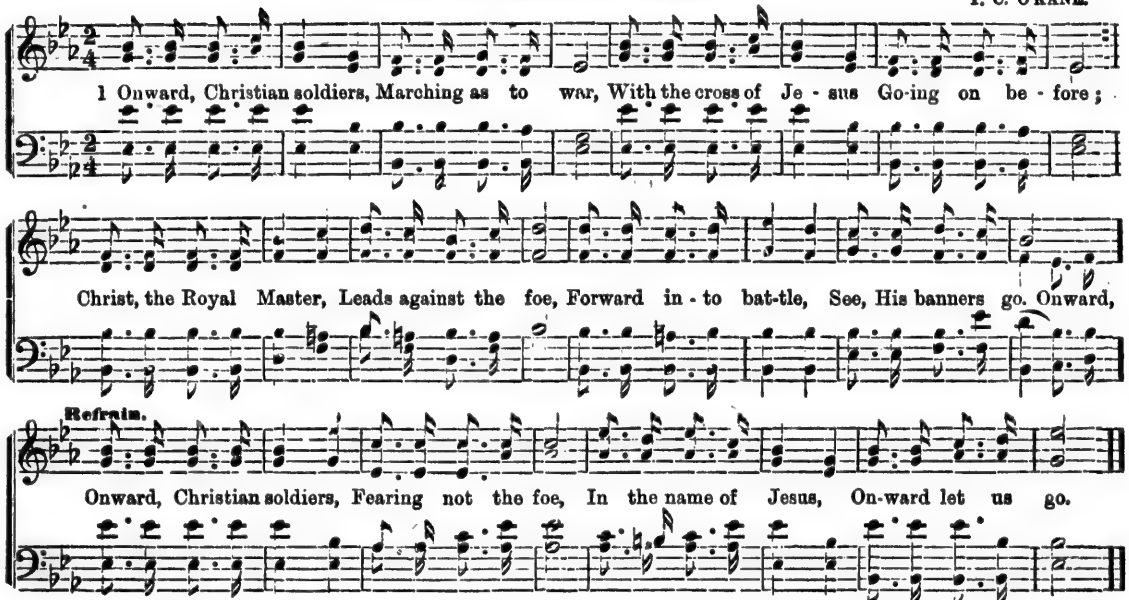
2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

T. C. O'KANE.



2 Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod
We are not divided, All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.

3 Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Glory, praise, and honour Unto Christ the King:
This through countless ages Men and angels sing.

OVERFLOWING EVER.

R. L.

1 Lo! a fountain, full and free, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; Faint - ing heart, it is for thee,

O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; Gush - ing, sparkling, nev - er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.

Refrain.

O - ver - flow - ing, o - verflowing ev - er, O - ver - flow - ing, Flow - ing now for thee.

2 List the murmer that it speaks,
Overflowing ever;
On the soul in song it breaks,
Overflowing ever;
Singing, soothing, souls to ease,
Muse of all melodies.

3 Blessed fount! the purest known,
Overflowing ever;
Stream of life from out God's throne,
Overflowing ever;
Sacred blood for sinners spilt,
This can cleanse away thy guilt.

HE LEADETH ME.

Earnestly. "BELLE."

1 "He lead - eth me!" Oh, bless - ed thought, Oh words with heav'nly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do,
2 Some - times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow - ers bloom, By wa - ters still

Chorus.

where - 'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! He
o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me!

lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me!

ASK FOR THE OLD PATH.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Ask for the old path; God will make it plain; Je - sus will lead us there; They who would find it
2 Knock at the por - tal, nar-row though it be; Pray that we en - ter in; Faith is the password,

Chorus.

nev - er seek in vain; He will lead us there. When the val - ley safe - ly we have pass'd,
Prayer the bless - ed key; Strive to en - ter in.

God will gath-er us home at last; Home in the old path glad-ly we will go; He will lead us there.

3 Walk in the old path; never turn aside;
Climb we the rugged hill;
Why should we falter? see our faithful Guide
Leading onward still.

4 Keep in the old path; ever to the right;
Lo! 'tis the King's highway;
Soon will the shadows vanish from our sight,
Lost in perfect day.

OH, GLORIOUS HOPE.

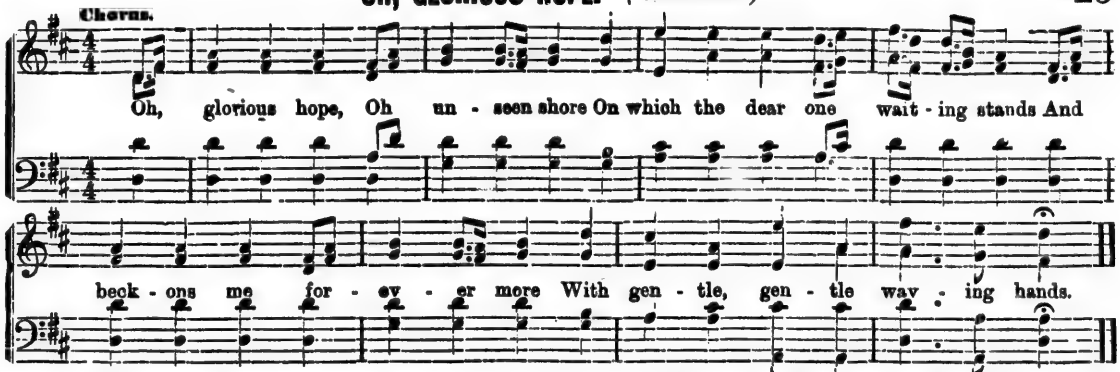
J. P. WEBSTER.

1 Be - yond the clouds that o'er us form, Be-yond all earth-ly bliss, Hope paints a bow so
2 Though torrents roar, and mountains frown. While oceans roll be - tween, Though tempests pour their

bright, no storm Will ev - er reach from this; So glorious and di - vine - ly fair, Its
fu - ry down, To veil the glorious sheen; With crystal touch each polish'd beam Shot

blended hues ap - pear, We know that God hath plac'd it there, And dwells for - ev - er near.
from thy ra - di-ant bows, Like twi-light stars doth brighter gleam, As night the dark - er grows.

OH, GLORIOUS HOPE. *(Concluded)*



3 Oh, matchless hope that buoys me up,
Through life's dark, gloomy halls
Whose footsteps have yon river crossed,
Where mortal never falls;
Of golden sands the unseen shore,
On which ye waiting stand,
And beckon me forever more,
With gentle waving hand.

4 Our vision may not pierce the gloom,
That darkens o'er the tide,
And hides from view the roses' bloom,
Upon the shining side;
But there's a bliss we often catch,
In fragrance from the gale,
Which seems its sweetness to have catched
From flowers beyond the veil.

5 We mourn not for the long bygones,
That died in mortal strife,
But rather rend these dusty bands,
Which chain the crystal life;
While hope beams brighter on tho strand,
And shadows lengthen fast,
As nearer to her waving hand,
Each day our anchor cast.

TO ARMS! TO ARMS! YE SOLDIERS!

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 To arms! to arms! ye soldiers, The trumpet call o - bey! A - rise from drear - y
2 'Tis not to rest, or ban-quet, Or proud pa-rade we go; The fight of faith is

slumbers To watch, and fight, and pray. To arms! to arms! ye sol - diers, The
fierc - er, Than world - ly war-riors know.

Refrain.

trum - pet call o - bey! With Je - sus as our Lead - er, We're sure to win the day.

3 Against the powers of darkness
With fearful craft and rage,
Our heavenly Captain calls us
Incessant war to wage.

4 We'll bless Thee for the battle,
We'll glory in the strife;
We'll shout at call of trumpet,
We'll win eternal life.

QUIET AS A PEACEFUL RIVER.

With feeling. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1 Qui-et as a peaceful riv-er, Quiet as the wind-hush'd sea; In Je-ho-vah trusting ev-er, We are kept in per-fect peace. We'll not ask Thee what Thou do-eth, What-so-e'er it be 'tis right; Thou, the friend of friends the truest, Will sus-tain midst storm and night.

2 Deep beneath the waving ocean,
Deep beneath the howling flood,
All unmoved by the commotion,
Lie the promises of God.
We are anchored firmly to them,
Though in tatters hang our shroud;
Camly we look up and thro' them,
View the thunder-riven cloud.

3 This our constant hearts consoleth,
And we will not be afraid,
'Tis our Heavenly Father ruleth,
And on Him our trust is stayed.
Quiet as a peaceful river,
Quiet as the wind-hushed sea;
In Jehovah trusting ever,
We are kept in perfect peace.

MARCHING ON.

J. FRYBARGER.

1 There's a nar - row road that leads to end - less day, Where the blood-wash'd throng for

a - ges past have trod; We will turn our feet in - to this nar - row way,

Chorus.

And will still keep march - ing on. Ev - er firm, - - - - - ev - er

true, ... March - ing on, ... March - ing on, ... With the

cross . . . . . in our view, ... we will still keep march - ing on.

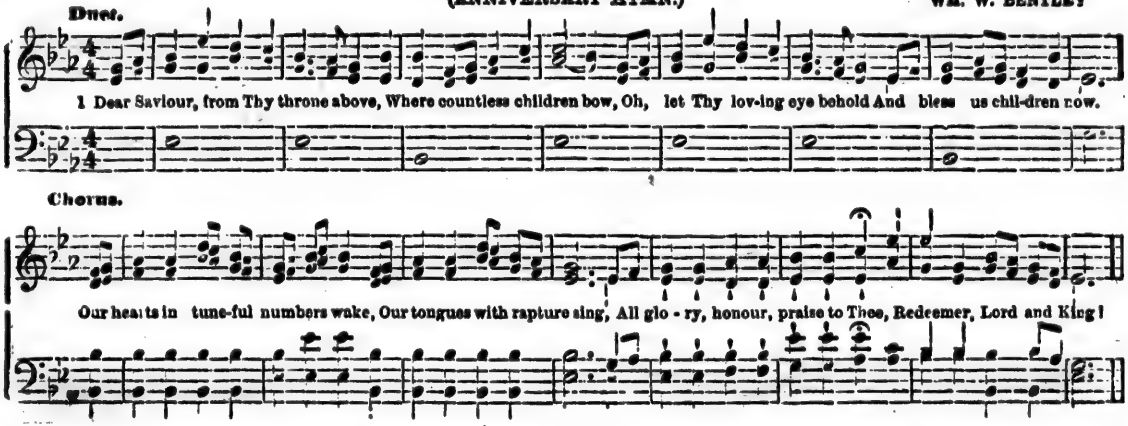
2 Though the way be narrow, 'tis the path of peace,
Where no ill can harm the travellers therein;
'Tis the King's highway—the way of holiness,
So we'll still keep marching on.

3 From the everlasting hills there comes a light,
All along the path to be the pilgrim's guide;
As they near the perfect day it grows more bright,
So we'll still keep marching on.

BLESS US CHILDREN NOW.

(ANNIVERSARY HYMN.)

WM. W. BENTLEY



2 Thy mercy led us through the year
That sweetly passed away,
And through Thy grace we gather now
To hail our festive day.

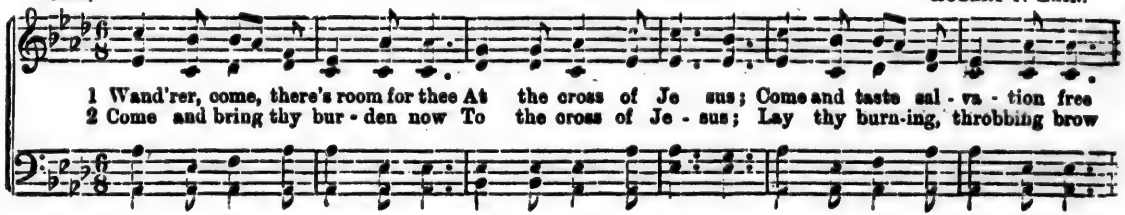
3 Oh, may we learn in early youth
Thy holy Word to prize,
The lamp that guides our feet to heaven,
Our home beyond the skies.

4 Oh, happy thought, if faithful here,
We work and watch and pray,
We'll spend with Thee in heaven at last
An endless happy day.

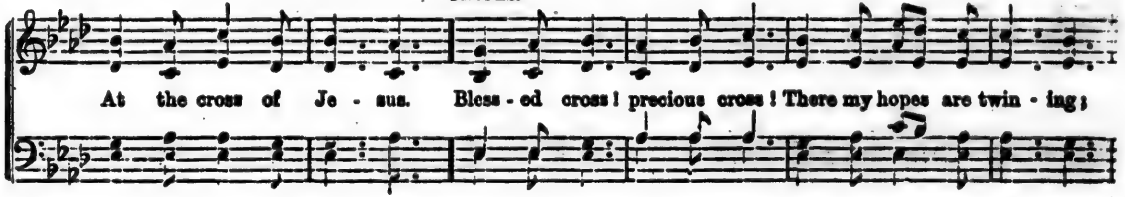
BLESSED CROSS OF JESUS.

Gently.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



Chorus.

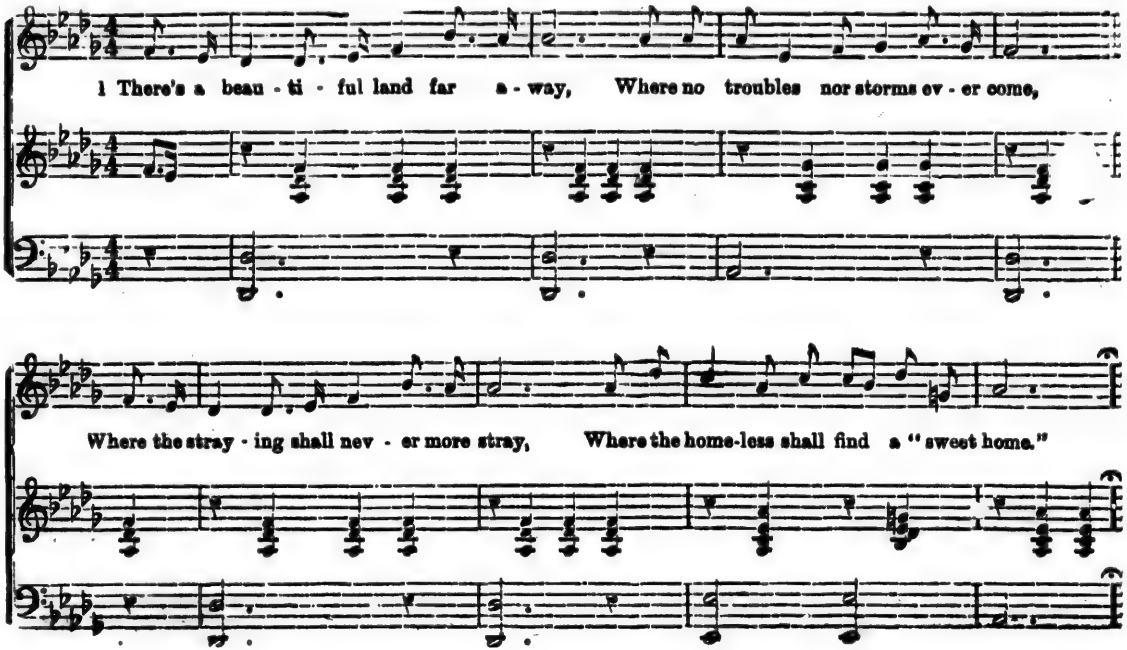


3 Oh what comfort thou wilt find
At the cross of Jesus;
Love thy broken heart wilt bind
At the cross of Jesus.

4 See the crimson waters flow
At the cross of Jesus;
Come and tell thy every woe
At the cross of Jesus.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND FAR AWAY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



Chorus.

Oh, that beau - ti - ful world, that land far a - way, Where sickness and death nev - er come,

Oh, when shall I see, And re - joice in its day, And be safe with my Saviour at home.

2 Neither sorrows nor sighing are there,
Nor are hearts ever burdened with cares,
There none utter the wail of despair,
Nor are eyes ever blinded with tears.

3 'Tis the home of our Father and God;
And our glorified Saviour is there,
And those ransomed from earth by His blood,
In His joy and His glory to share.

THE MISTAKES OF MY LIFE.

Tenderly.

1 The mistakes of my life have been ma-ny, The sins of my heart have been more, And I scarce can see for
2 I am low-est of those who love Him, I am weak-est of those who pray; But I come as He has

Chorus.

weeping, But I'll knock at the o-pen door. I know I am weak and sin-ful, It comes to me more and
bid-den, And He will not say me nay.

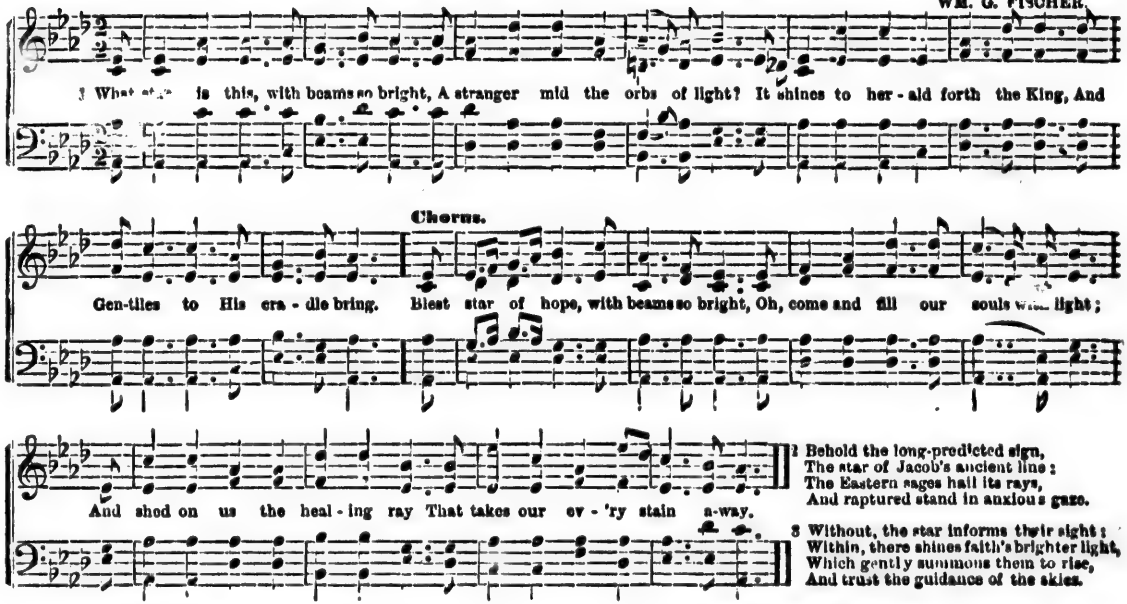
more; But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en-ter the o-pen door.

3 My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash away;
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gates of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Saviour will let me in.

WHAT STAR IS THIS, WITH BEAMS SO BRIGHT?

WM. G. FISCHER.



2 Behold the long-predicted sign,
The star of Jacob's ancient line;
The Eastern sages hail its rays,
And raptured stand in anxious gaze.

3 Without, the star informs their sight;
Within, there shines faith's brighter light,
Which gently summons them to rise,
And trust the guidance of the skies.

4 When God commands, the wise obey;
Love sees no danger in the way:
House, neighbours, friends, their steps recall;
The voice of God outweighs them all.

5. Oh, while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek Thy face,
Let not our hearts from sloth refuse
The guidance of that light to use.

OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

C. CASE.

Duet.

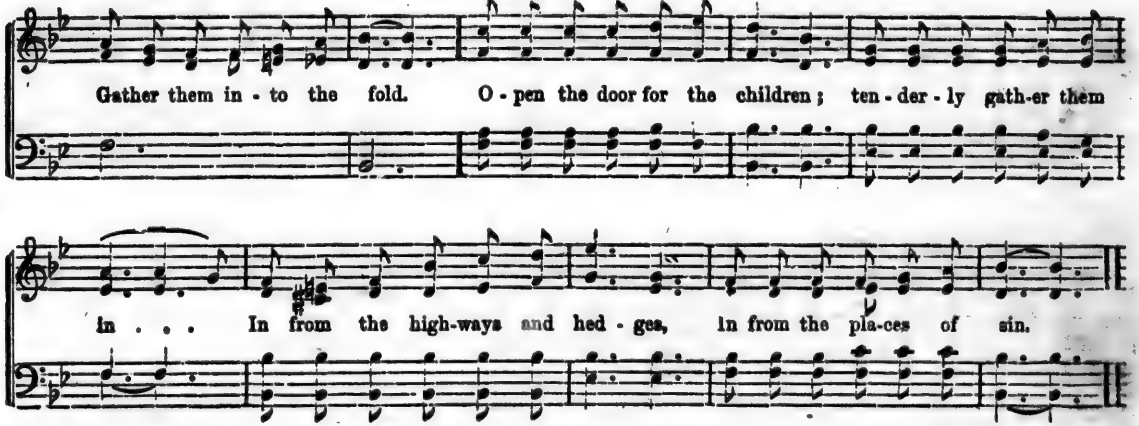
1 O - pen the door for the children, Ten-der - ly gath-er them in— In from the highways and

hed-ges, In from the pla-ces of sin; Some are so young and so help - less,

Some are so hungry and cold. . . O - pen the door for the chil - dren,

OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.



2 Open the door for the children,
  See! they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
  Teach them your beautiful songs;
Pray you the Father to bless them,
  Pray you that grace may be given.
Open the door for the children,
  Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3 Open the door for the children,
  Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to goodness,
  Send them to Canaan's land;
Some are so young and so helpless,
  Some are so hungry and cold.
Open the door for the children,
  Gather them into the fold.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1 There's a firm, shelt'ring rock, and a strong fortress tow'r, Where the weary and weak can re - new fail - ing pow'r;
2 'Tis a ref - uge and rest thro' the conflicts of life, 'Tis a balm to the soul, when dismay'd in the strife;

Where the tempted and care - la - den spir - it may fly,— Oh, lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
'Tis a spring of sal - va - tion, A stream nev - er dry,— A nev - er - fail - ing Rock that is high - er than I.

Chorus.

Lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me. Lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
Lead, Oh, lead me to the Rock, Lead, Oh, lead me to the Rock,

3 'Tis my comfort and stay, my deliverer and joy,
When the heart is o'erwhelmed with the ills that annoy,
When the fierce-sweeping tempest of sorrow is nigh,
Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 When the few joys of life are all flitting away,
Like the soft-fading light at the closing of day:
When the shadow of death steals the light from my eye,
Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

STEP BY STEP.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

Marching time.

1 Step by step, and day by day, March we on our for-ward way: (step by step, and) Nev-er back-ward,

Chorus.

nev-er still, Guided by our Leader's will. Saviour, Mas-ter, teach us where All Thy per-fect path-ways are;

Weak and humble tho' we be, Step by step we'll follow Thee, we'll follow Thee. Step by step we'll fol-low Thee.

2 Step by step, and one by one
Lives begin, and lives are done;
True and firm for Jesus' sake
Let us make each step we take.

3 Step by step, the task is small,
None too great for each and all;
Just by this and nothing more
Shall we reach fair Jordan's shore.

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1 When a few more years are blended With the years that are no more, When life's hopes and fears are

end - ed, And the boat - man bears us o'er, We shall dwell in peace for - ev - er, In a

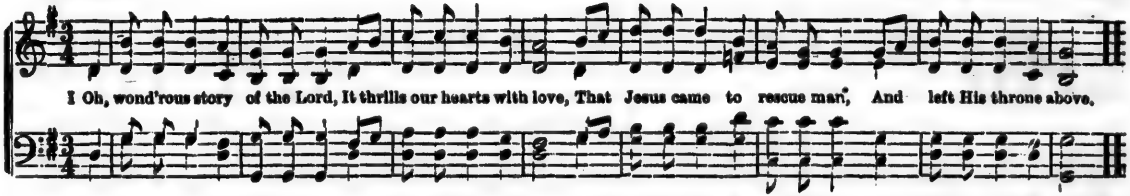
home more bright and fair, When we meet beyond the riv - er, We shall know each other there.

2 When we meet the loved and lost ones,
Those we parted from in tears,
When we meet where life glides onward
Undisturbed by hopes and fears,
Where the songs of joy are never
Hushed by hours of pain and care,
Where friends meet no more to sever,
We shall know each other there.

3 Where love, like a mighty river,
Fills each soul with pure delights,
Where no flower shall droop and wither
In the gloom of death's dark night;
When for us life's days are ended,
Clothed in forms supremely fair,
We shall meet and rest forever,
And shall know each other there.

REMEMBER ME.

Devotional. *D. C. for Chorus.* *Fine.*



2 The angels sang and men rejoiced
In hope of endless bliss,
And hailed the star of righteousness,
The pledge of love and peace,

3 It shines to-day to guide us on
Through earthly storms to Him,
The pole star of the sinners' bark,
Whose light is never dim.

IN THE GLORIOUS SUNLIGHT.

R. S. HARRINGTON.

1 Floating on between the shadows, That sur-round our earthly way; Comes a beam of heav'n-ly

sun-light Shin-ing brightly, night and day; Mak-ing plain the nar-row pathway, Leading

to our home a-bove:—Father, may we ev-er jour-ney In the sunlight of Thy love.

IN THE GLORIOUS SUNLIGHT. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.

In the sun-light let us jour-ney, To our glorious, glorious home, a - bove;
Sun - light let us jour-ney, To our

In the sun - light, In the sun - light, In the sun - light of His love.
Sun - light, In the sun - light,

2 When we come to sin's dark valleys,
This, Thy light shall guide us through;
Warning us from every pitfall,
Showing us the good and true.
Peace, with olive branch from Zion,
Folds her wings, a heavenly dove,
In the hearts of those who journey
In the sunlight of Thy love.

3 We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
As Thine own we've naught to fear;
We can bravely do our duty,
While we feel that Thou art near.
May we ever, ever trust Thee,
Knowing naught Thy love can move,
While we journey in the sunlight,
In the sunlight of Thy love.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1 There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth, It sounds like music in my ear, The sweet-est name on earth,

Chorus.

The dearest name . . . . . in earth or heaven, . . . Is to our Lord . . . and Master giv'n, ... On Him a - lone . . . . . my hopes depend, ... On Him, our best and nearest friend.

The dearest name . . . . . in earth or heav'n, . . . Is to our Lord and Master giv'n, On Him alone my hopes depend

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free,
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

I WILL GO AND BE FORGIVEN.

W. H. DOANE.

1 I will go and tell my Saviour How I long His child to be; At the cross I'll seek and find Him!

Chorus.

He's waiting there for me. I will carry all my sins to Je - sus, Tho' I've nothing but my heart to give Him; I will go and lay my burden at the fountain; I'll go and be for - giv'n.

2 I will tell Him I have wandered
From the path that leads to heaven;
With a contrite, broken spirit,
I'll go and be forgiven.

3 If my heart is truly humble,
He will not reject my prayer;
On the cross He died for sinners;
I'll lay my burden there.

4 I will tell Him all my story,
With His mercy all my plea
At the cross I'll seek and find Him;
He's waiting there for me.

I LONG TO CROSS OVER.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Oh, have you not heard of that realm of delight, To which our blest Saviour doth each one in - vite;
2 'Tis a land of rare beauty—a realm of delight, O'er - flowing with gladness, re-ful-gent with light;

'Tis prepar'd for the good and the pure and the blest, 'Tis o - ver the riv - er where the wea-ry find rest.
Its ver-dure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die, Oh, I long to cross o - ver with Je-sus on high.

I LONG TO CROSS OVER. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.

Oh, I long to cross o - ver, And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plain.

Oh, I long to cross o - ver, Oh, I long to cross o - ver, And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plain.

Oh, I long to cross over, Yes, o - ver the riv-er with Jesus to reign.

Oh, I long to cross o - ver, Oh, I long to cross o-ver, Yes, o - ver the river with Je - sus to reign.

3 There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come;
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home.
With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen,
Away o'er the river where the valleys are green.

4 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with Him ever, all happy and free;
I'll join with the ransomed and with them abide,
I'll cross the dark river—bright angels will guide.

KEEP STEP EVER.

Bass and Soprano in unison.

H. R. PALMER.

1 Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife? Hold your place thro' troubles rife? With the right keep step.

Know the world is watch-ing you, Be sin - cere in all you do, With the good, the pure, the true, Ev - er firm keep step.

Chorus.

Keep step, Keep step ev-er, Keep step, Keep step ev - er, Keep step, Keep step, Keep step, Keep step ev - er.

2 Life is more than idle play, And 'twill quickly pass away;
Use aright each golden day, With the good keep step.
There are earnest, pressing needs Filled alone by truest deeds,
Happy he the call who heeds, With the true keep step!

3 Look beyond the present hour, Never yield to Satan's power,
Though above the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step!
Onward press, nor on the way, Loiter once, or waste the day;
God and Truth and Right all say, Strong in faith keep step.

PLENTY OF WORK.

H. H RHEEM.

1 Plen - ty of work, for the Mas - ter to do, You'll find it rea - dy wher - ev - er you go,

Do not neglect it, your du - ty ful - fill, Work for the Mas-ter, yes, work with a will.

Chorus.

Work while 'tis day. For the night cometh on; Work, work, work, work, Work for the Master commands you.

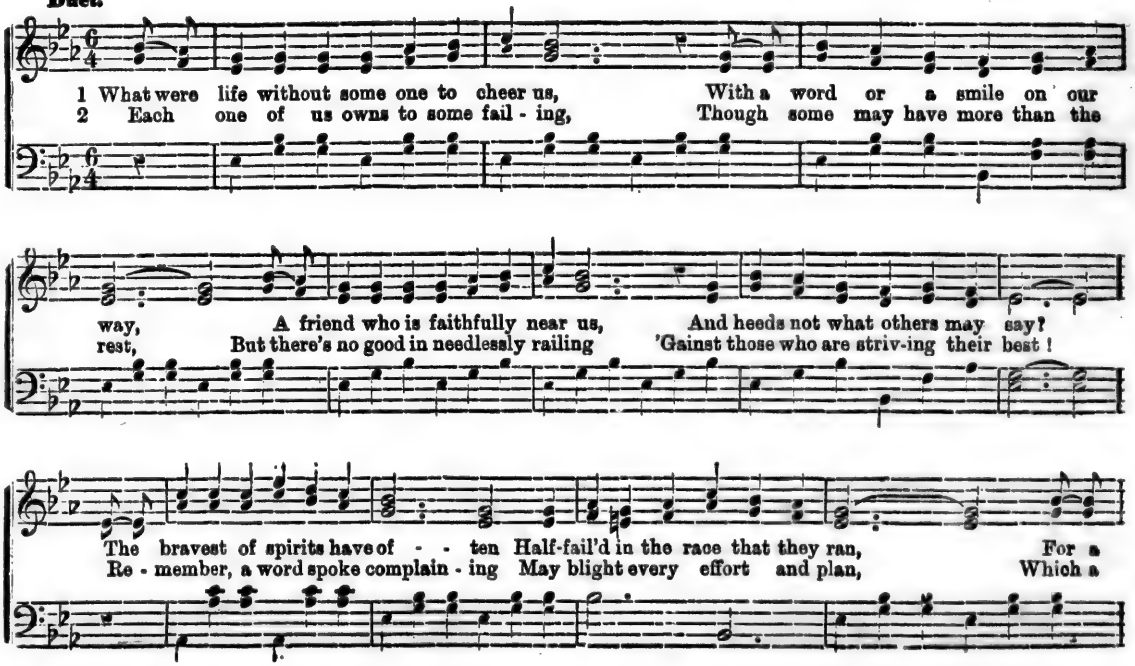
2 Plenty of work, for the Master, to do,
Think not, my brother, there's nothing for you;
You have a duty, come then at His word,
Work while you may, brother, work for the Lord.

3 Hear now the voice that is speaking to you,
Plenty of work, for the Master, to do;
Then up and at it, and work with a will,
Then with His Spirit your hearts He will fill.

SAY A KIND WORD WHEN YOU CAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Duet.



kind word life's hardships to soft - en, Then say a kind word when you can.
kind word would help in at - tain - ing, Then say a kind word when you can.

Chorus.

Then say a kind word when you can, Oh, say a kind word when you can,

Say a kind word, Say a kind word,

Repeat pp ad lib.

For a kind word life's hardships may soft - en, Then say a kind word when you can, when you can.

life's hardships may soften,

3 Oh, say a kind word then whenever
'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad;
But, chiefly, forget it, Oh never,
To the one that is hopeless and sad;

For there's no word so easy in saying,
So begin if you never began,
And do not in life be delaying
To say a kind word when you can.

STAND FAST FOR THE WORD.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1 Bless - ed Scripture! priceless treasure! Precious and un - fail-ing mine! Sav - iour, give me

rich - est pleasure, While I read Thy Word di-vine.

Chorus.

Firm - ly let us stand, Bi - ble in our

hand, With its o - pen pag - es, While the contest rag - es, Spread the truth throughout the land.

1 Word of everlasting glory!
Word of everlasting truth!
Help me learn the wondrous story,
Precious, both for age and youth.

3 Lord, be with me while I read it,
Show me how to read aright;
Help me know it, make me heed it,
Guide me with its heavenly light.

4 While I'm living, when I'm dying,
Peace and joy and comfort give;
Strength and light Thy Word supplying
Take me home, with Thee to live.

STAR, BEAUTIFUL STAR.

Solo. FRED SCHILLING.

1 There's a beau - ti - ful star, a beau - ti - ful star, The wea - ry trav'lers have fol-low'd far,

Chorus.

Shin-ing so bright-ly all the way, Till it stood o'er the place where the young child lay. Star, star,

beauti - ful star! Pilgrims weary we are; To Je - sus, to Je - sus, We fol-low thee from a - far.

2 In the land of the East, in the shadows of night.
We saw the glory of thy new light,
Telling us, in our distant home,
The King-Redeemer to earth had come!

3 We have gold for tribute and gifts for prayer,
Incense and myrrh, and spices rare:
All that we have, we hither bring,
To lay it with joy at the feet of the King.

THE SAVIOUR DRAWETH NIGH.

E. O. REVONS

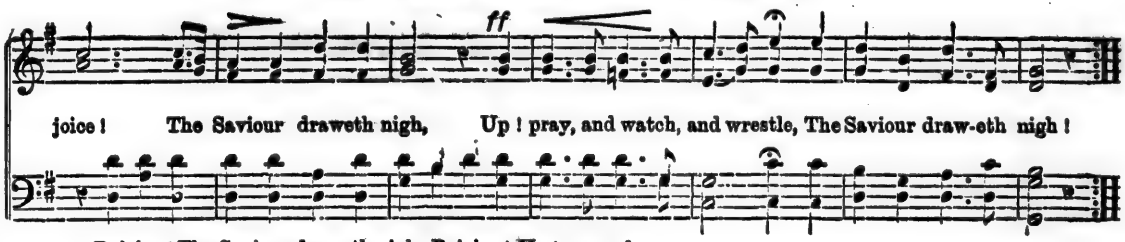
ff Boldly.

1 Re-joice, all ye be - liev - ers, Re - joice, and let your lights ap-pear; The evening is ad -

- vanc-ing And dark - er night is near. The bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will be

draw-ing nigh, Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle, At mid-night comes the cry! *ff* Re-joice! Re -

THE SAVIOUR DRAWETH NIGH. *(Concluded.)*



Rejoice ! The Saviour draweth nigh, Rejoice ! Up ! pray, &c.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with purest oil,
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the blessed Saviour near,
Go, meet Him, as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear !
Rejoice ! Rejoice !
With hallelujahs clear !
Rejoice ! rejoice ! heirs of glory,
The blessed Saviour's near !

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your heavy cross and suff'rings bore,
Shall live and reign forever,
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb of God ye shall behold ;
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold !
Rejoice ! Rejoice !
The Saviour draweth nigh !
Up ! Up ! ye heirs of glory,
Your Lord is drawing nigh !

4 There flourish palms of vict'ry,
There, spotless, radiant garments are,
There stands the peaceful harvest
Beyond the reach of war.
There, after stormy winter,
The brightest flowers of earth arise,
And from the grave's long slumber
Shall meet again our eyes.
Rejoice ! Rejoice !
With hallelujahs clear !
Up ! Up ! ye saints of glory,
The blessed Saviour's near !

HOLD IT UP TO THE WORLD.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Take the cross, take the cross, hold it up to the world, With its ban - ner of hope by the Saviour un-
2 Lift it high, lift it high, let the friend-less be - hold; There are hearts that will weep when its sto - ry is

furl'd; Hold it up, and the lost to its ref - uge may flee Where the dear Saviour pleads: I am seeking for thee.
told; Lift it high, and the poor to its shel - ter may flee Where the dear Saviour pleads: I have suffered for thee.

Chorus.

Hold it up to the world, Hold it up to the world; Falter nev-er, hold it ev - er, Hold it up to the world.

Hold it upward, Hold it upward, Hold it upward, Hold it upward,

3 Take the cross, take the cross, and rejoice in the Lord;
Go ye forth, go ye forth in the strength of His word;
Hold it up, and the eye of the careless may see
Where the dear Saviour pleads: I was wounded for thee.

4 O the cross, blessed cross, with the blood crimson tide
Like a river of love flowing down from its side!
To the cross all may come; hold it up and proclaim
Here is pardon and peace through a Saviour's dear name.

CHRIST, MY HELPER.

O. F. PRESBREY.

1 Day by day, wher - e'er I journey, As I bear my hea-vy load, There's a Help - er al - ways near me, If I trust my Saviour's word. When my heart is hea - vy lad-en, And my sins like mountains rise, In His blood there's peace and pardon! Christ, my Helper, hears my cries.

2 When temptations sore assail me;
Friends prove false, and foes pursue,
Comes a whisper, "Child, I'll shield thee,
Help thee all thy pathway through."
So when clouds are dark and threatening
There is hope to calm my fears;
Balm to soothe me, faith to strengthen;
Christ, my Helper, dries my tears.

3 Bright the land across the river
When this life of toil is o'er;
There I'll sing my triumphs over,
On that bright celestial shore.
In such Helper ever trusting,
Welcome labour, toil, and care;
All my trials are but blessings;
Christ, my Helper, hears my prayer.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

M. D. JONES.

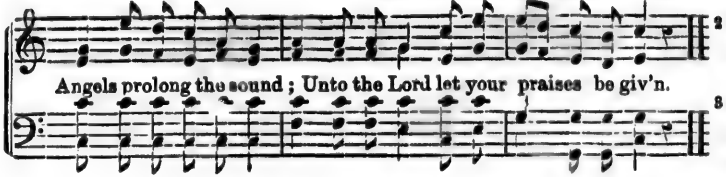
1 Praise ye the Lord; let your voic - es as-cend-ing Reach up to Heav'n in the loud - est of song;

Praise and thanksgiving in har - mo - ny blending, Your hearts and voic - es the an - them prolong.

Chorus.

Praise Him, your Saviour, King, Loudly His praises sing; Let your glad voic - es as - cend up to Heav'n; Where the white throne around

PRAISE YE THE LORD. *(Concluded.)*

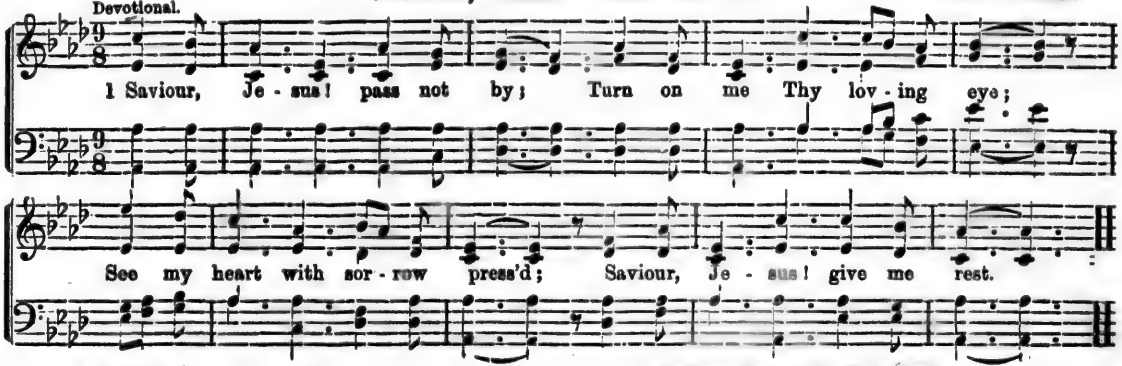


2 Sing to the Lord, when the morning is flinging
Light o'er the mountain, the valley, and plain;
Let your glad voices, at evening upspringing,
Welcome the stars to their bright thrones again.

3 Praise ye the Lord, till the desolate mountain
Rings with the sound and re-echoes your song;
Let your glad voices, a ne'er-failing fountain,
Give praise to God, to whom praises belong.

SAVIOUR, JESUS! PASS NOT BY.

HARRY SANDERS.



2 Saviour, Jesus! from above,
Touch me with Thy hand of love;
Bid it wipe away my tears;
Saviour, Jesus! calm my fears.

3 Saviour, Jesus! by Thy blood,
That from Calvary's cross red flowed,
Wash me in its wondrous tide;
Saviour, Jesus! Thou hast died.

THE BEAUTIFUL SUMMER LAND.

S. W. STRAUB.

Solo.

1 When we leave our home below, When we cross the silent strand, We shall dwell for ev - er-more In that beau - ti - ful summer land.

Chorus.

Oh, that beau - ti - ful land, Oh, that beau - ti - ful land, Oh, that beau - ti - ful

Oh, that bless - ed sum - mer land, Where we'll dwell for ev - er - more; Oh, that bless - ed

land.

rit.

sum - mer land, Where we'll dwell for ev - er - more; Oh, that beau - ti - ful sum - mer land.

2 We shall meet the dear ones gone,
"We shall know each other there,"
We shall share their bliss and joy,
In that beautiful land so fair.

3 All God's children there we'll meet,
When we reach the shining shore,
And we'll join the happy throng
And sing praises for evermore.

T. C. O'KANE.

1 Hark! hark, my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swel-ling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore·

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling, Of that new life where sin shall be no more.

Chorus.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

3 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break into cloudless love.

THE REAPERS.

Moderato.

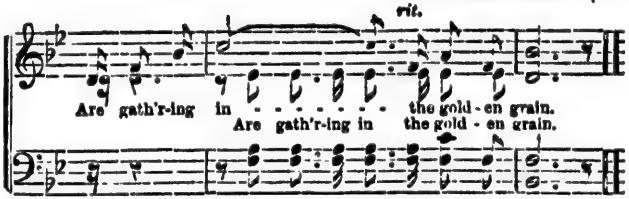
J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Be-hold the changing autumn leaves, Behold the fields of rip'ning grain; Go, gather in the golden sheaves,

From val-ley, hill, and dis-tant plain. Then reapers, haste, - - - the skies are clear, - The fields re -
Then reapers, haste, the skies are clear.

sound - - - - the glad re-frain, - - - - The har-vesters, - - - - from far and near, - -
The fields resound the glad refrain, The har-vesters, from far and near,

THE REAPERS. *(Concluded.)*

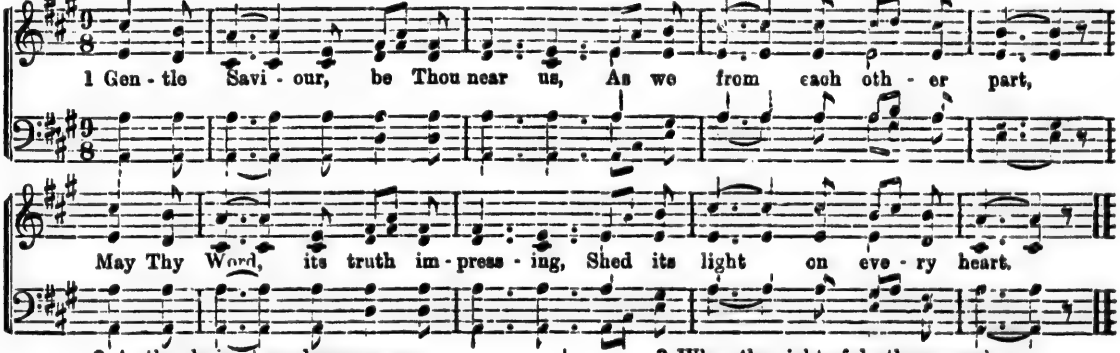


2 Behold the harvest of the Lord!
Behold the broad and whitening fields!
Send out the call, send forth the word,
Till hundred-fold the harvest yields.

3 Why idle stand? there's work for all;
The Master calls, why longer wait?
Go, gather in both great and small,
Make haste, or you will be too late

HOUR OF PARTING.

W. W. BENTLEY.



2 As the closing hour draws near us,
And the night steals gently on,
Let Thy gracious presence cheer us,
Guard us till the coming morn.

3 When the night of death comes o'er us
And our earthly prayers are o'er,
Oh, receive us home to glory,
There to praise Thee evermore

TO THE WORK!

1 To the work! to the work! We are servants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Master has trod; With the
2 To the work! to the work! Let the hungry be fed. To the foun-tain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the

balm of His coun-sel our strength to re-new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on, Toiling
cross and its banner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the tidings, "Sal-va-tion is free." Toil-ing on,

Chorus.

on, Toiling on, Toil-ing on, Let us hope, and trust, Let us watch and pray, and labour till the Master come.
Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on,

3 To the work! to the work! There is labour for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, "Salvation is free."

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord
And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed, "Salvation is free."

GUIDANCE. 8s & 7s.

FRED. VON FLOTOW.

1st. 2nd.

1 { Guide me, Oh Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this barren land, I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty, [*Omit.* - - - - -] } Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand.

O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the liv - ing wa - ters flow, Let me fe - ry cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney through, Lead me all my journey through.

2 Feed me with the heav'nly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

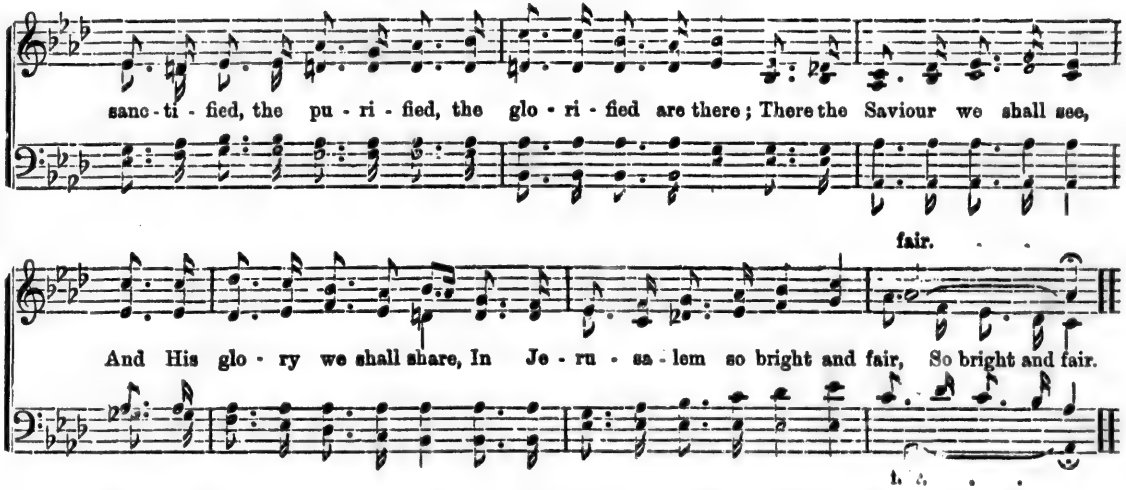
Earnestly

1 Oh, Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en ! ci - ty bright and fair ; All the sanc - ti-fied, the pu - ri - fied, the

glo - ri-fied, are there ; There the Saviour we shall see, And His glory we shall share, In Jer-u - sa - lem so

Chorus

bright and fair. Oh, Je - ru - sa - lem, so fair ! Oh, Je - ru - sa - lem, so fair ! All the



2 Oh, Jerusalem, the golden! city of the blest;
Where the glory beams eternal on thy towers in beauty drest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling, the weary are at rest,
In Jerusalem so bright and fair.

3 Oh, Jerusalem, the golden! city fair and bright;
How thy pearly gates in splendour soon will burst upon our sight;
How thy golden streets will glow! for the Lamb is all the light,
In Jerusalem so bright and fair.

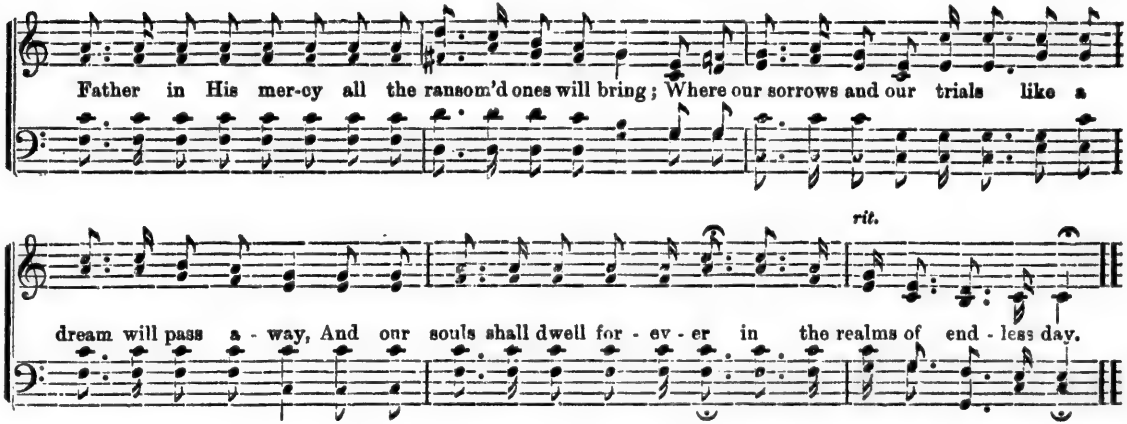
THE PALACE OF THE KING.

1 'Tis a good-ly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey thro', And our Father's constant blessings fall a-

- round us like the dew; But its sun-shine and its beauty to our hearts no joy can bring Like the splendours that await

Chorus.

us in the pal-ace of the King Oh, the palace of the King royal pal-ace of the King; Where our



2 Our Redeemer is the King; what a sacrifice He made,
When He purchased our redemption, and His blood the ransom paid;
In His cross shall be our glory; to that blessed cross we'll cling,
Till we reach the gates that open to the palace of the King.

3 In this goodly pleasant land only strangers now are we,
For we seek a better country, and 'tis there we long to be;
Yes, we long to swell the anthem that for evermore shall ring,
From the pure in heart made perfect, in the palace of the King.

4 We shall see Him by and by; hallelujah to His name!
Through the blood of His atonement life eternal we may claim:
We shall cast our crowns before Him and our songs of victory sing,
When we enter in triumphant to the palace of the King.

THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Come, stay thy feet by the shelt'ring Rock, And sweet thy rest will be; Come,

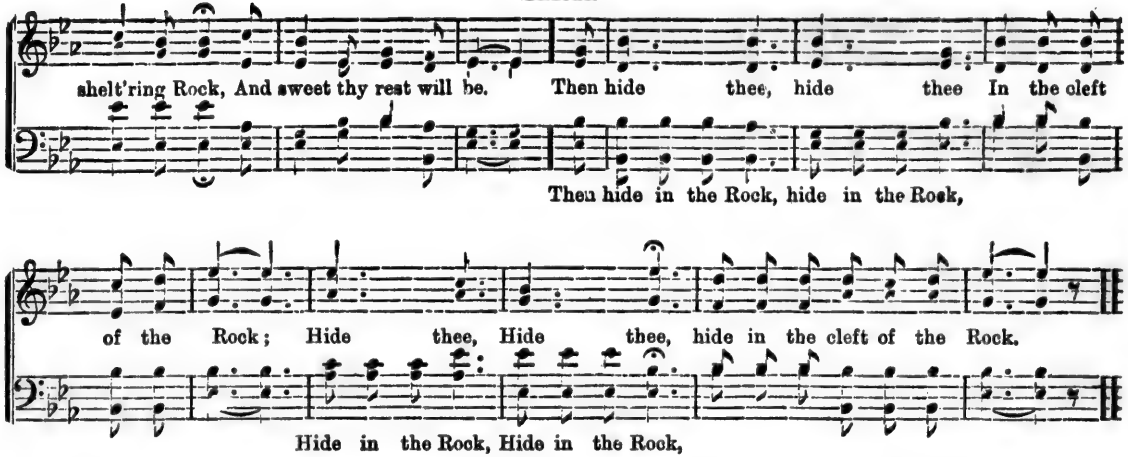
lave thy brow in the spray that falls So clear and cool for thee; Too long hast thou linger'd a-

Too

-way - - But mer-cy is plead-ing with thee; Oh, stay thy feet by the

long hast thou linger'd,

Chorus.



2 Come bring thy heart to the sheltering Rock,
And all thy weight of care;
Look up, the light of a Saviour's love
Is smiling brightly there;
He waiteth to welcome thee home,
O breathe but one penitent prayer;
The blood that flows from His wounded side,
Through faith will cleanse thee there.

3 There's life for thee at the sheltering Rock,
A life of peace and love;
Sweet hope of rest in a brighter land
Of purer joys above;
Then stay with thy Saviour, O stay
Where nothing thy soul can e'er move;
There calmly rest in that dear retreat,
The arms of Jesus' love.

OUR FESTIVE SONG.

W. H. DOANE.

1 We welcome with de-light An - oth - er hap - py day, Our hearts like mer-ry bells Ring out their
2 Cold winter flies a-way, The blushing, fai - ry spring Comes tripping o'er the lea, While birds are

sil - ver lay; We catch the ros - y beams re-flect - ed from the eye Of Him whose wonders
on the wing; And now, a mer - ry throng, We come as glad as they; Our ban - ners wav - ing

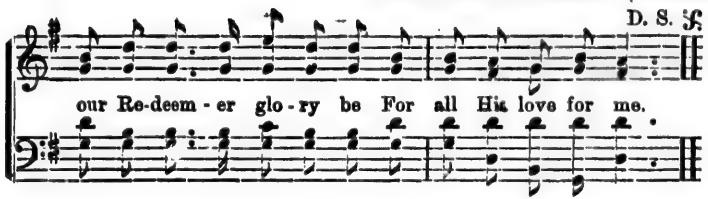
D. S. We thank His ho - ly name For all His ten - der care, We praise Him for the

fine. **Chorus.**

fill the earth, Whose glory fills the sky. An - oth - er year has gone, An - oth - er year be-gun; To
in the air, We hail our fes - tive day.

Sunday-school, And faithful teachers there.

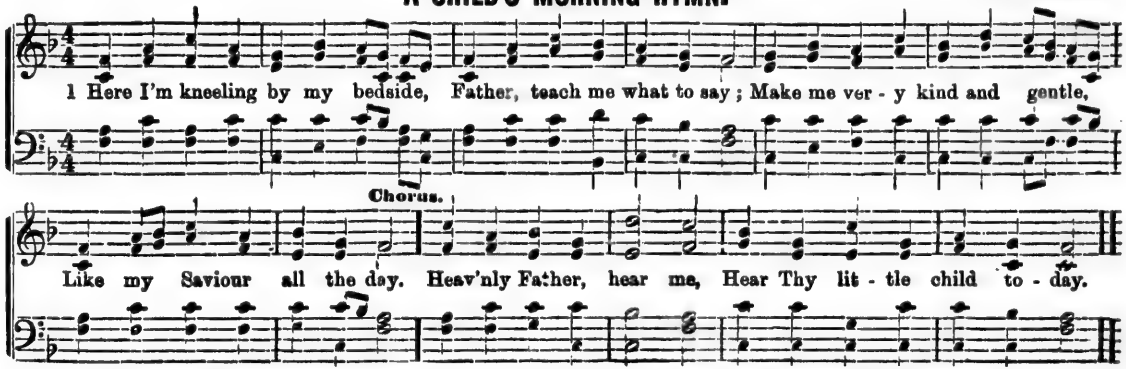
OUR FESTIVE SONG. *(Concluded.)*



3 The strait and narrow path
Oh, may we early find,
And try to serve the Lord
With heart, and soul, and mind;
Oh, what a happy day,
And one that ne'er shall end,
In that bright world where angels sing,
We all with Him may spend!

A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

R. G. STAPLES.



2 Make me of Thy flock, dear Shepherd,
One of Thine own little lambs;
Lead me ever by still waters,
Let me rest safe in Thine arms.

3 Lead me through this w[illegible] of beauty,
To that world that is more fair,
And oh! let me live forever,
With the holy angels there.

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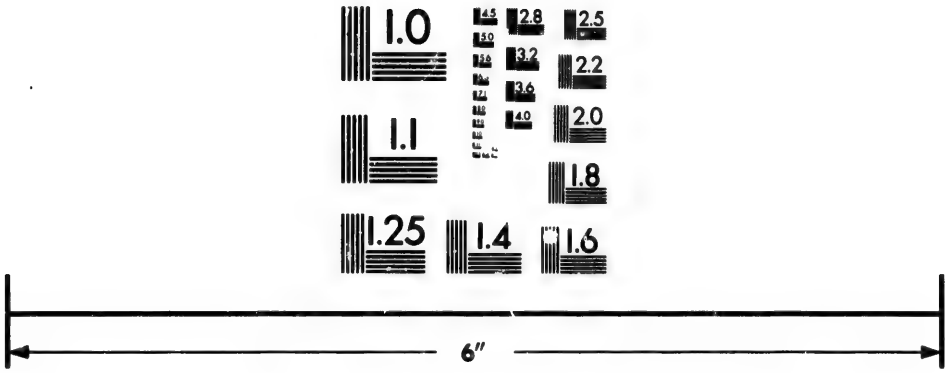

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TO BE THERE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 I have heard of a land far a - way, And its glor - ies no tongue can de - clare; But its
2 There are foretastes of heaven be - low, There are moments like joys of the blest; But the

Chorus.

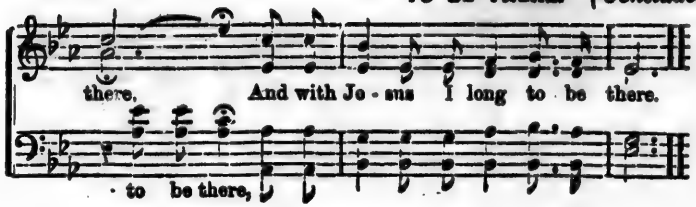
beau - ty hangs o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there. To be there, to be
splendours no mor-tal can know, Of the land where the weary shall rest.

To be there,

there, And with Je - sus I long to be there; To be there, to be

to be there, to be there, To be there,

TO BE THERE. *(Concluded.)*

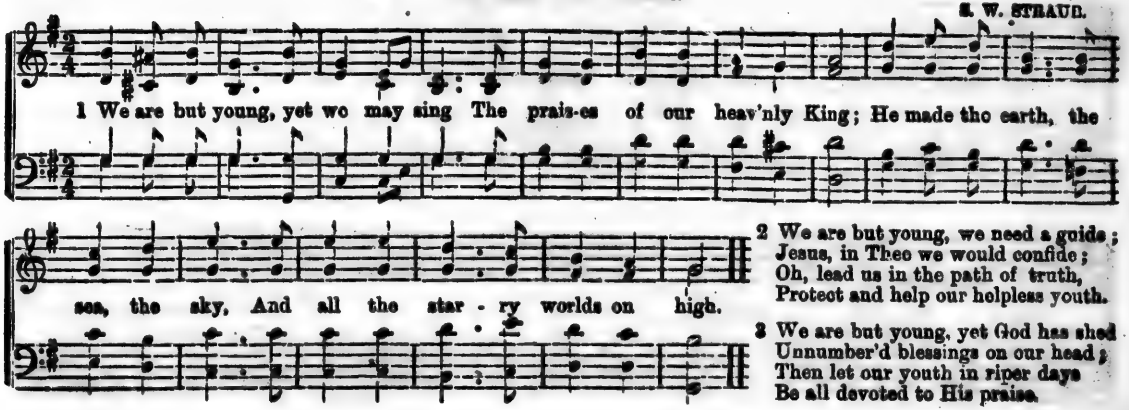


3 In that noon-tide of glory so fair,
In the gleam of the river of life,
There are joys that the faithful shall share;
Oh, how sweetly they rest from the strife.

4 There the ransomed with Jesus abide
In the shade of the sheltering fold;
Evermore by Immanuel's side,
They shall dwell in the glory untold.

WE ARE BUT YOUNG.

S. W. STRAUB.

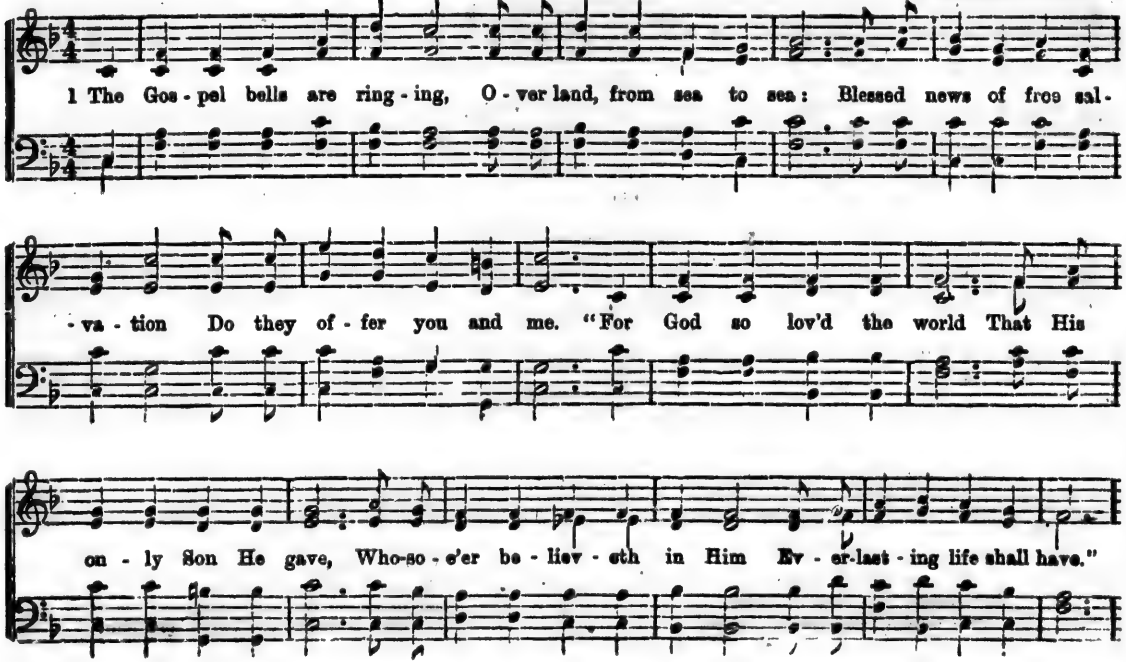


2 We are but young, we need a guide;
Jesus, in Thee we would confide;
Oh, lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and help our helpless youth.

3 We are but young, yet God has shed
Unnumber'd blessings on our head;
Then let our youth in riper days
Be all devoted to His praise.

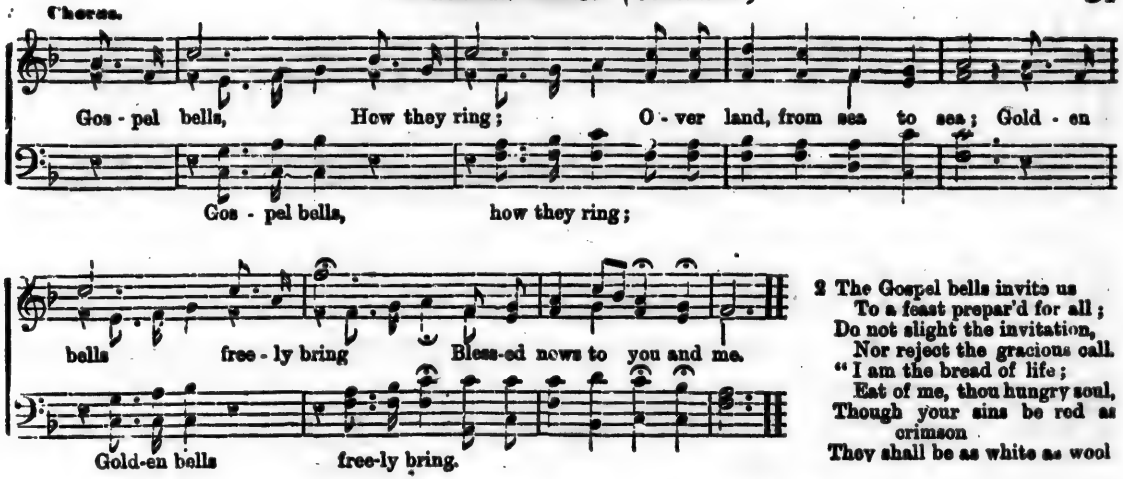
THE GOSPEL BELLS.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.



THE GOSPEL BELLS. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.



2 The Gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepar'd for all;
Do not slight the invitation,
Nor reject the gracious call.
"I am the bread of life;
Eat of me, thou hungry soul,
Though your sins be red as crimson
They shall be as white as wool

3 The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who forever will delay.
"Escape ye, for thy life;
Tarry not in all the plain,
Nor behind thee look, oh, never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

4 The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Thro' a Saviour crucified.
"Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring,
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

WHO'LL BE FOR JESUS

W. A. O.

1 Onward, press onward, the great command, Who'll be the first to join our band? Who from the snares of the

Chorus.

world will fly, And prove the joys that will nev - er die? Who'll be for Je-sus? Who'll be for Je-sus?

Who will the Saviour's banner bear? Who'll be for Je-sus? Who'll be for Jesus? Who will the Saviour's banner bear?

2 Onward, still onward our way pursue,
Working with zeal and courage too;
Bearing with patience the ills we meet,
'Tis grief that makes our joys more sweet.

3 Onward, press onward, the prize is sure,
If we unto the end endure;
Jesus has promised a crown of life,
If we conquer in the strife.

BUSY LITTLE GLEANERS.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Gath-er - ing in the ear - ly dawn, Gather - ing, when the night comes on; Yonder in the ripen'd fields
2 Gath-er - ing in the ear - ly dawn, Gather - ing, when the night comes on; Yonder in the ripen'd fields

Hundred-fold the har-vest yields. The golden grain is gather'd in—The sheaves of good from fields of sin;
Hundred-fold the har-vest yields. Tho' reapers come from far and near, The Mas - ter leaves an honour'd share

* Echo. *pp*

By busy lit - tle glean - ers, By bus - y lit - tle glean - ers.
For busy lit - tle glean - ers, For bus - y lit - tle glean - ers.

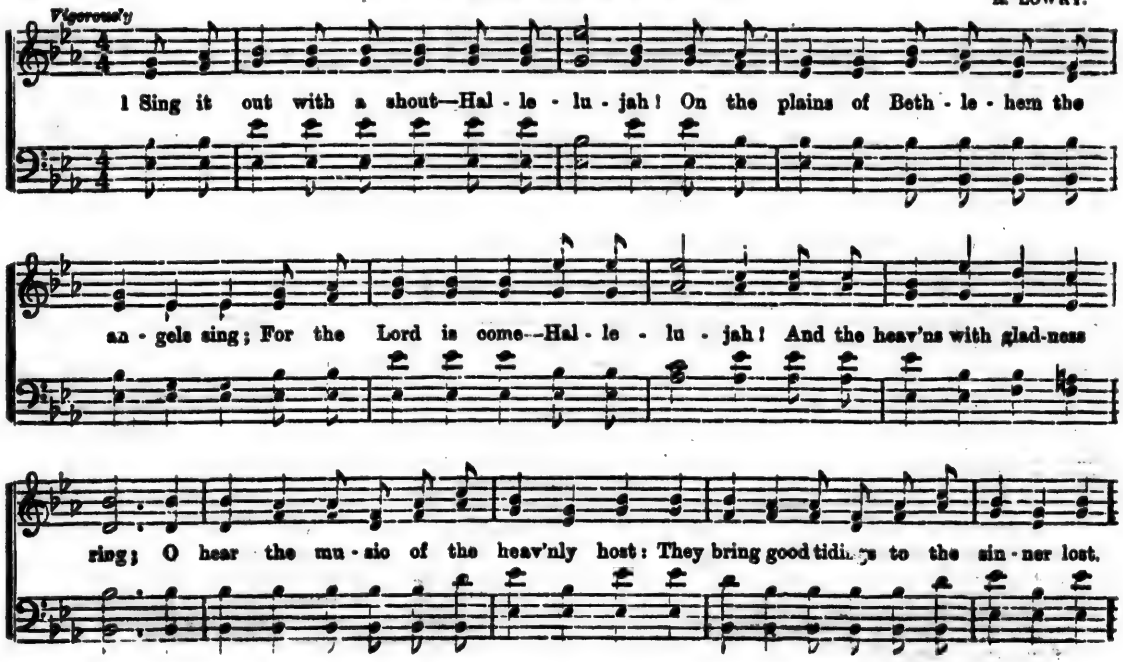
* Echo may be sung by eight or ten girls, in an adjoining room.

3 Gathering, in the early dawn, etc.
Out in the highway where you go,
To plant or reap, there's work to do;
For busy little gleaners.

4 Gathering, in the early dawn, etc.
Amid the glow of autumn leaves,
We carry home our golden sheaves,
Such happy little gleaners.

SING IT OUT WITH A SHOUT.

R. LOWRY.



SING IT OUT WITH A SHOUT. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.

Sing it out with a shout, For the Lord is come—Hal-le - lu - jah!

Sing it out with a shout,

Sing it out with a shout, For the Lord is come to reign.

Sing it out with a shout,

2 Sing it out with a shout -Hallelujah!
Till the world shall listen to the angels' song;
Let the seas be glad—Hallelujah!
And the hills the sound prolong!
Go forth, ye heralds, and the tidings tell,
That Christ the Saviour is Immanuel.

3 Sing it out with a shout—Hallelujah!
For the world is waiting for the joyful sound.
All the angels sing—Hallelujah!
And the glory shines around;
To every creature you may now proclaim
A free salvation in the Saviour's name.

J. H. ANDERSON.

Moderato.

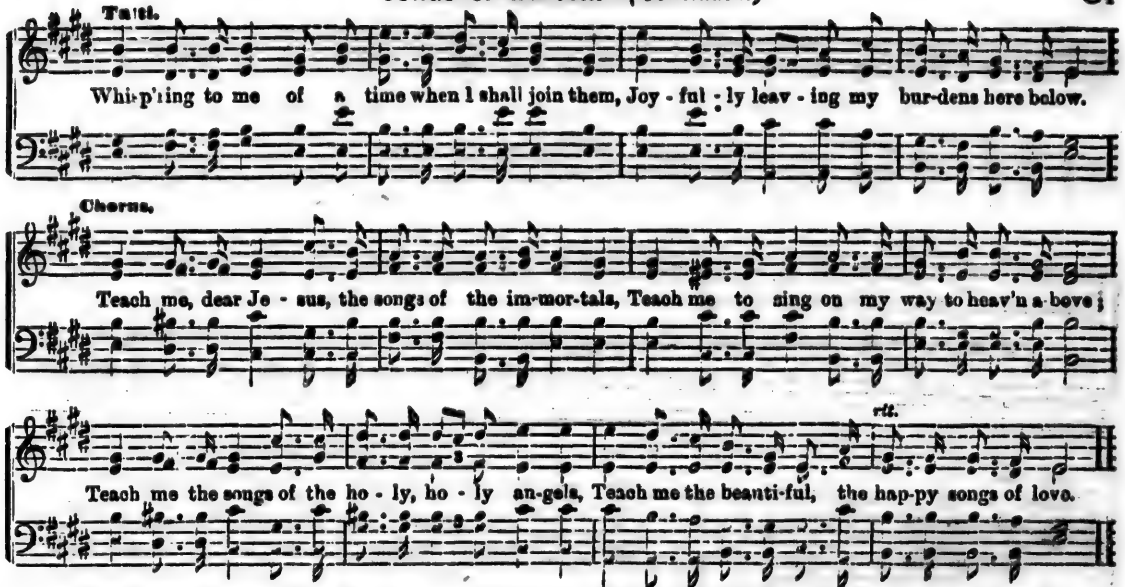
1 I may not know all the joy-ful songs of heaven, Sung by the countless an-gel-ic host up there;

1 may not feel the sweet peace of the im-mor-tals,—Sanc-ti-fi'd glo-ri-fi'd, crowns of love to wear:

Solo.

Yet in my soul there's a voice so low and tender, Tell-ing the joys that the ho-ly an-gels know;

* This can be sung in E♭ if preferred.



2 I may not know all the glorified immortals
Standing before Thee, the holy, lovely One;
But I would join in the happy, happy chorus,
Singing forever around the glorious throne.

Then may I see all the angels pure and holy,
Then may I join in the happy songs they sing;
Then may I kneel at Thy feet within Thy kingdom,
Praising my Saviour, my Priest, my Lord and King.

BLESSED ARE THEY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Bless-ed are they that do His commandments, Bless - - ed are they; They shall receive a
Blessed are they, Blessed are they,

Chorus.

crown of bright glory That fadeth not a - way. Bless - - - ed, bless - ed, bless - - - ed,
Blessed are they, Blessed are they, Blessed are they,

bless - - ed, Bless-ed are they that do His commandments, Bless - ed, bless - ed are they.
Blessed are they, Bless - - ed, are they.

2 Blessed are they that do His commandments,
Blessed are they;
Jesus will take them when life is over
Up to the realms of day.

3 Blessed are they that do His commandments,
Blessed are they;
Jesus will gently guide them in safety
Along the narrow way.

SING THE PRAISES OF THE SAVIOUR.

J. E. F.

1 Sing the prais - es of the Sav - iour, Tune your hearts and sweetly sing; Join in ask - ing for His

Chorus.

fa - vour, Ask, for He is lis - ten - ing. Hal - le - lu - jah is the chor - us, By the

choirs of heav - en sung; By the lov'd ones gone be-fore us, By the pure of ev - ery tongue.

2 Mercy was His chiefest pleasure,
Ere the world began to move;
Sweetly sing in numbered measure,
Sing the dear Redeemer's love.

3 Turn to Jesus—Prince of Glory,
Holy Prophet, Priest, and King;
Spread abroad the wondrous story,
Children all His praises sing.

ANGRY WORDS.

H. R. PALMER

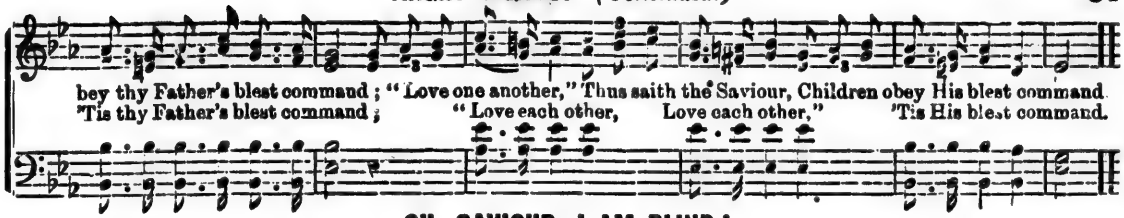
1 An - gry words! Oh, let them nev - er From the tongue unbridl - ed slip; May the heart's best impulse
2 Love is much too pure and ho - ly; Friendship is too sa-cred far, For a moment's reck-less
3 An - gry words are light-ly spoken; Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd: Brightest links of life are

Chorus.

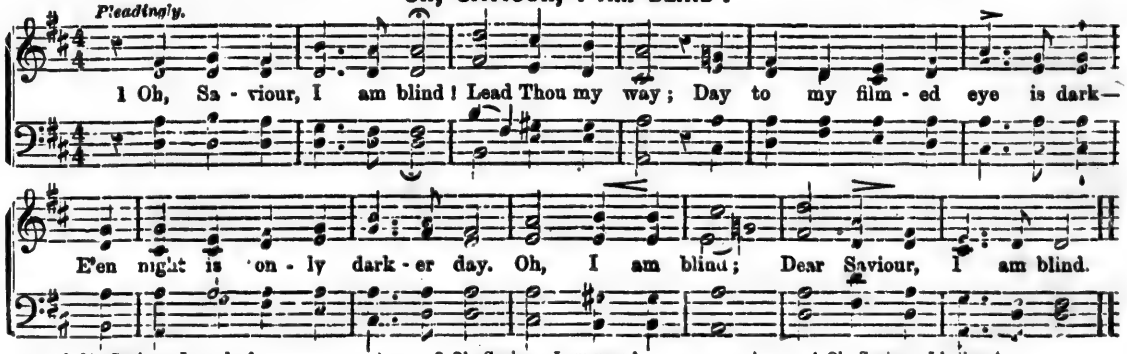
ev - er Check them, e'er they soil the lip. "Love one a - noth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Chil-dren o -
fol - ly Thus to des - o-late and mar
broken By a sin - gle an - gry word.

"Love each other," Love each other,"

ANGRY WORDS. *(Concluded.)*



OH, SAVIOUR, I AM BLIND!



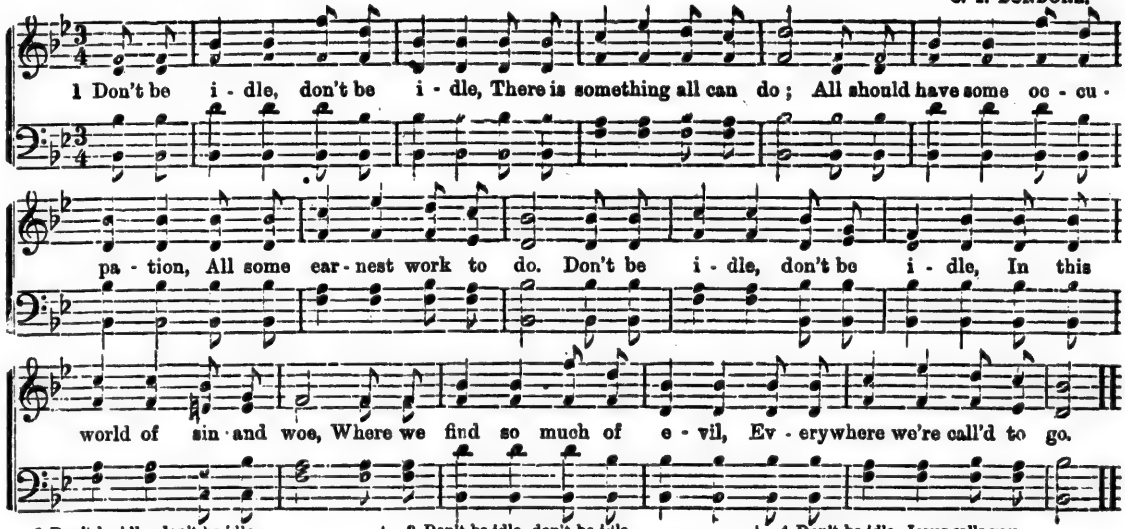
2 Oh, Saviour, I am deaf;
Unstop my ear:
My heart would turn to Thy dear voice.
The voice Thy sheep alone will hear
Oh, I am deaf;
Dear Saviour, I am deaf!

3 Oh, Saviour, I am poor!
Give me to eat:
My hungered heart loathes earthly food,
And heavenly manna craves for meat.
Oh, I am poor;
Dear Saviour, I am poor!

4 Oh, Saviour, I believe!
Blind, deaf, and poor;
Sight give me—hearing—heavenly food;
Thou hast them in Thy blessed store.
Thee I believe;
Oh, Saviour, I believe!

DON'T BE IDLE.

C. T. DONDORE.



2 Don't be idle, don't be idle,
When a brother needs thy care;
Labour hard, Oh, work in earnest,
Save him from a fatal snare.
Don't be idle, don't be idle,
Work, the cheated soul to win,
From the downward road to ruin,
From the thorny path of sin.

3 Don't be idle, don't be idle,
When you hear the orphan's cry;
Cheer the lonely ones in sadness,
Deeds of kindness never die.
Don't be idle, don't be idle,
Use each talent God has given,
To help each other on the way
To the pearly gates of heaven.

4 Don't be idle, Jesus calls you,
In His vineyard work to-day;
Life is given us for labour,
Rest we'll gain in endless day.
Don't be idle, life is fleeting,
Soon our day on earth is o'er,
May we hear the Saviour's "well done,"
Over on the other shore.

HERALDS OF ZION.

ASA HULL.

Lively.

1 Glad as the morning, swift as the light, Heralds of Zi - on go forth in might; O - ver the mountain,
2 Ear-nest and eag - er, glad hearts of youth, Soft hands of childhood, speed on the truth; List to the children

Chorus.

o - ver the deep, Go where the heathen weep. Far and wide the Sabbath music roll, Peace and joy for each be -
o - ver the sea, Cry-ing for help from thee.

nighted soul, Labour and triumph, God will provide, Tell them, tell them, tell them that Jesus died.

3 Free as the sunshine, wide as its ray,
Tidings of gladness, haste on your way;
Healing the sorrow, loosing the chain, -
Teaching that Christ shall reign.

4 Clothed with salvation, shielded with might
Heralds of Zion, bear on the light;
Over the desert, waiting for thee,
See how the shadows flee.

OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME.

W. A. OGDEN.

Moderato.

1 In the gold-en sun-light, shin-ing bright and fair, On our cheerful Sab-bath home; Christian friends and teachers,

glad-ly meet us here, In our cheer-ful Sab-bath home.

Chorus.

We will sing to-geth-er, for our hearts are gay.

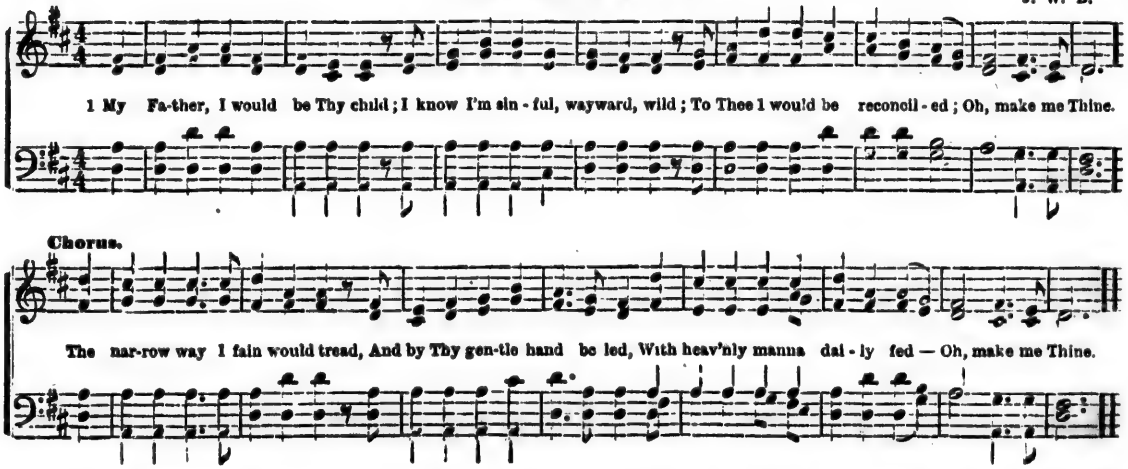
As the bird when soaring on its wings a-way; Little lambs of Jesus, happy we will be, In our cheerful Sabbath home.

2 Jesus watches o'er us, with a Shepherd's care,
In our cheerful Sabbath home;
He will kindly listen to our simple prayer,
In our cheerful Sabbath home.

3 Gentle, loving Saviour, may Thy Spirit dwell,
In our cheerful Sabbath home;
Here Thy tender mercy, Oh, 'tis sweet to tell,
In our cheerful Sabbath home.

OH, MAKE ME THINE.

J. W. B.



2 With patience I the race would run,
Not looking back when once begun,
Seeking salvation thro' Thy Son;
Oh, make me Thine.

3 Make me to love Thee more and more,
Thy Holy Spirit on me pour,
Grant me of grace a plenteous store;
Oh, make me Thine.

4 When death's cold hand on me is laid,
My God, let me not feel afraid;
Be with me, for I've often prayed,
Let me be Thine.

TRUST IN GOD.

Duet or Quartett.

ASA HULL.

1 What though the fig - tree blos - soms not, Nor fruits a - dorn the o - live grove? What

Semi-Chorus.

though it be my fear - ful lot, 'Midst bar - ren vines and fields to rove? Though bleating flocks no

more I see, Nor herds with-in the stall ap-pear; Yet still in God my trust shall be, I'll

TRUST IN GOD. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.

serve Him more from love than fear. Oh, praise His name! His glor - ies sing! Ce - les - tial joy shall

ff

tune your voice; Be - hold He reigns, your God and King, In Him re-joice! In Him re - joice

2 'Tis surely in His love alone
The Lord our God His judgments sends;
In all His ways is mercy shown,
Throughout the earth's remotest ends.
So let us then our banners raise,
To all the world His love proclaim;
The God of our salvation praise,
With triumph in His holy name.

3 I know that my Redeemer lives;
I know that He ascends on high:
In love His children He forgives,
And wipes the tear from ev'ry eye.
Hosanna to His name I'll sing,
In whom such goodness I have found;
My light, my joy, my everything;
Let saints and men His praise resound.

WHO ARE THESE ?

W. A. OGDEN.

Soprano Solo.

1 Who are these like stars appear - ing, These be-fore God's throne who stand? Each a

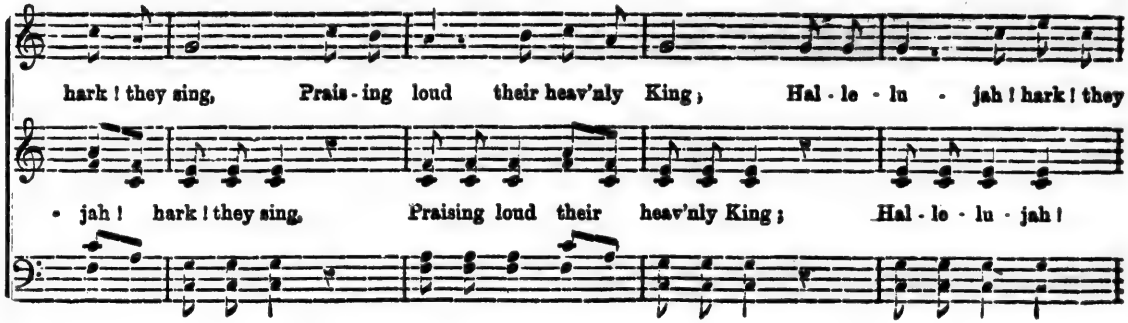
Who are these like stars ap - pear - ing, These be - fore God's throne who stand?

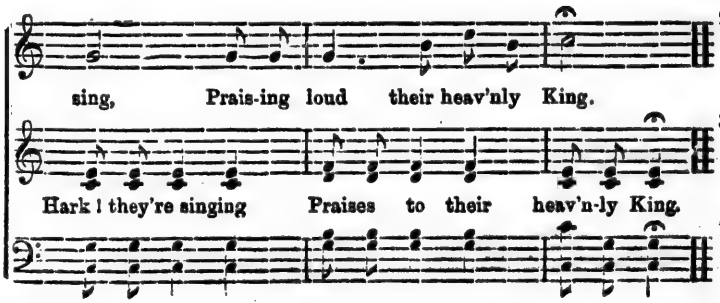
Chorus.

gold - en crown is wear - ing; Who are all this glor - ious band? Hal - le - lu - jah!

Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing; Who are all this glorious band? Hal - le - lu -

WHO ARE THESE? *(Concluded.)*





2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall all lustre still possess?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long;
Wrestling on till life is ended,
Following not the sinful throng.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tired,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified.

ON, FOR THE PRIZE.

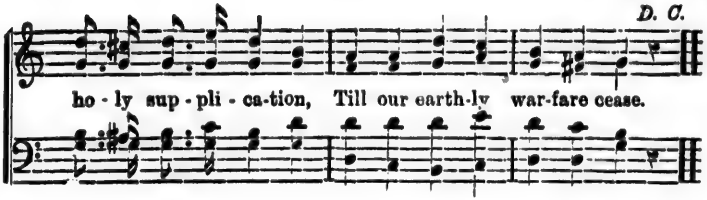
THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1 Marching on in the glo - ry of our King! Pressing on tow'rds the mark For the prize of Christ our Lord;
D. C. Marching on in the glo - ry of our King! Pressing on tow'rds the mark For the prize of Christ our Lord;

Cheer our way with the songs of praise we sing, As we fight the good fight In the strength of Je - sus' word.
Cheer our way with the songs of praise we sing, As we fight the good fight In the strength of Je - sus' word

Girt with truth, wearing helmet of sal - va-tion, Arm'd with faith and shod with peace, Pray-ing always with

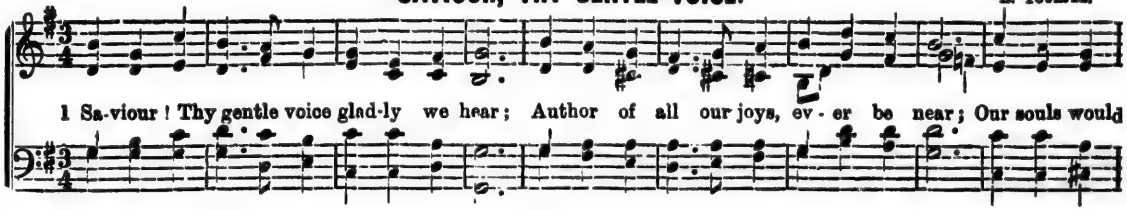
ON, FOR THE PRIZE. *(Concluded.)*

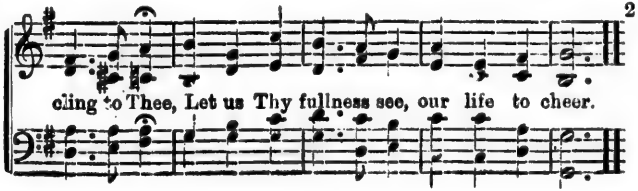


2 Pressing on in the work He bids us do,
With our hearts full of trust in His ever present aid,
Firmly, boldly, the path of life pursue,
For the Lord is our King, and we'll never be afraid.
Shield of faith, with the mighty sword of [Spirit,
Quenching ev'ry fiery dart, [merit,
Victors we, thro' our Saviour's precious
Light our steps and strong our heart.

SAVIOUR, THY GENTLE VOICE.

E. TOURJEE.





2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly Thine,
For evermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

3 Tho' to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On Thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By Thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

W. G. FISCHER.

1 Oh, some-times the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like

Chorus.

tem-pests down o - ver the soul. Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, to the Rock that is high - er than I;

let me fly

is

Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high . er than I.

high - er than I.

2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale:
Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

ALWAYS WITH US.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 In our homes and on our way Christ is with us all the day; Thrills a-bove us such a song—Burns within us such a fire, That our footsteps never tire, As we journey hence along.

Chorus.

Oh, how sweet His presence is! He is ours and we are His; Oh, how sweet His presence is! He is ours and we are His.

Oh, how sweet, His presence is He is ours, and we are His; Oh, how sweet His presence is!

2 Evening shadows one by one
Mark our journey nearly done—
And we turn aside for rest;
Jesus, Master, know before,
Tarry with us evermore;
Thou our Guide, be Thou our Guest.

3 Risen for us from the grave,
Mighty Saviour, save, oh save!
Hide we now ourselves in Thee,
Resurrection is achieved:
Seeing not, we have believed;
Blessed ones indeed are we!

PRECIOUS WORDS OF PEACE.

S. W. STRAUB.

1 How sweet to feel the Saviour near, His love re - mov - ing ev - ery fear; And, Oh, how sweet His words of cheer, My peace I leave with thee.

Chorus.

Prec - ious words of peace. Prec - ious words of peace; Oh, joy com-plete, Oh, words so sweet, My peace I leave with thee.

2 Oh, sacred joy to know, to feel,
When at the mercy seat we kneel,
The hallowed bliss these words reveal,
My peace I leave with thee.

3 To hearts by sin and sorrow riven,
The precious words of peace are given,—
An earnest of the bliss of heaven,
My peace I leave with thee.

4 When kneeling at the Saviour's feet,
We find in Him our joy complete;
He speaks—oh, precious words so sweet,
My peace I leave with thee.

NO SURRENDER !

COMPANION TO "HOLD THE FORT."

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Spirited.

1 No sur - ren - der to the foe ! Shout the cry where-e'er you go ; Fal - ter nev - er, we must win,
2 No sur - ren - der press a - long, Tho' the hosts of sin are strong ; We shall more than conqu'rors be,

Fine.

No sur - ren - der - ing to sin. No sur - ren - der ! let it be Bat - tle cry for you and me,
If we trust, Oh Lord, in Thee ! No sur - ren - der ! an - gel bands, From the fair and heav'nly lands,

D. C.

God will help us, He is near, He is with us, do not fear.
Haste to help us ; more are they Than the foes that bar our way.

3 No surrender ! then at last,
All our conflicts overpast,
Glad will be our welcoming,
To the City of the King.
Forward, then ! fall into line !
Bright the conqueror's crown will shine,
Storm the camp of sin and wrong,
Sweet will be the victor's song.

MESSENGER ANGELS.

C. FREDENMONT.

Solo or Duet.

1 Mes-senger angels are sing - ing, Ev - er around on their way, Joyfully, si-lent-ly bring - ing Gifts from the bright realms of day. Guarding the couch of the friend - less, Bringing the suf-fer - er rest, Pointing to joys that are endless In the bright land of the blest.

Chorus.

Mes - - sen - ger an - - - gels joy - - ful - ly sing;

Mes - sen - ger an - gels are joy - ful - ly singing, Yes, joy - ful - ly sing - ing, A - long their bright way.

Repeat pp.

Joy - - ful - ly si - - lent - ly, sweet - - ly they sing.

Joy - ful - ly singing, Yes si - lent - ly bringing Their gifts from the bright realms of beautiful day.

2 Messenger angels rejoicing,
In yon bright heaven above,
Over poor sinners repenting,
Won by the dear Saviour's love
Telling the wonderful story,
Shouting with saints round the throne,
Giving to Jesus the glory,
Glory to Jesus alone.

3 Messenger angels will meet us,
When we shall near the dark tide,
And by their presence will cheer us,
Death's chilling waters divide.
Yes, they will sing us a welcome,
To the bright home of the blest,
And we shall join in the chours,
Where we're forever at rest.

THE NEW "OVER THERE."

W. A. OGDEN.

1. They have reach'd the sun - ny shore, And will nev - er hun - ger more; All their grief and

pains are o'er, O - ver there; And they need no lamp by night, For their day is al-ways bright,

Chorus.

And their Saviour is their light, O - ver there. O - ver there - - - o - ver there, - -
O - ver there o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there,

They can nev - er know a fear o - ver there; All their streets are shin - ing gold,
O - ver there.

And their glo - ry is un - told, 'Tis the Sav - iour's bliss - ful fold, O - ver there.

2 Now they feel no chilling blast,
For their winter time is past,
And their summers always last,
Over there;
They can never know a fear,
For the Saviour's always near,
And with them is endless cheer,
Over there.

3 They have fought the weary fight,
Jesus saved them by His might,
Now they dwell with Him in light,
Over there;
Soon we'll reach the shining strand,
But we'll wait our Lord's command,
Till we see His beck'ning hand,
Over there.

COMING, GLADLY COMING.

A. ALLMUTH.

Spirited.

1 We are com - ing, glad - ly com - ing, On this An - ni - ver - sary Day,— Ev - 'ry heart with rap - ture swell - ing, Ev - 'ry tongue its praise to pay. Wel-come pas - tor, wel - come teach - ers, Welcome friends and parents dear; Sabbath classmates, come and join *us*, All are wel-come, wel-come here.

2 We are singing, gladly singing,
On this Anniversary Day,—
Youthful praises we are bringing,
Sincere homage we would pay.
Jesus smiles when little children
Raise their tuneful voices high;
Angels bear the happy anthem
To the Saviour in the sky.

We are praying, humbly praying,
On this Anniversary Day,—
Asking Christ to kindly lead us
Safely through life's thorny way,—
Praying that His precious promise,
Joy to ev'ry heart may bring;
Asking Him to hide us ever
'Neath the shadow of His wing.

4 We are trusting, humbly trusting,
In our blessed Saviour's word,—
On His promises relying,
That our prayers will all be heard.
Meet us, Lord, in this, Thy temple.
Aid us while we sing and pray,
Let Thy choicest blessings crown us,
On this Anniversary Day

STORM THE FORT.

J. H. F.

One of our returned missionaries thinks that the soldiers of Christ should be employed in *storming* instead of *holding* the Fort, and sends the following as a substitute for "HOLD THE FORT." He says, "If I read Jesus' signals aright, there are no times for lurking behind stone-walls, but for storming them. The fort is not ours to hold, but the Devil's (John 14. 30; 12. 31; 16. 11). Holding fort is his work."—*Watchman*, Boston.

Boldly.

1 Ho! my com-rades, see the sig - nal Je - sus waves on high! Sa - tan's bat - tlements are reel - ing,
2 See! the lof - ty walls are frowning, Held by Satan's pow'r: Sin enshrowds the world in darkness,

Chorus.

Hear our Captain's cry; Storm the fort! for I am lead-ing, I have shown you how;
Now's the storming hour.

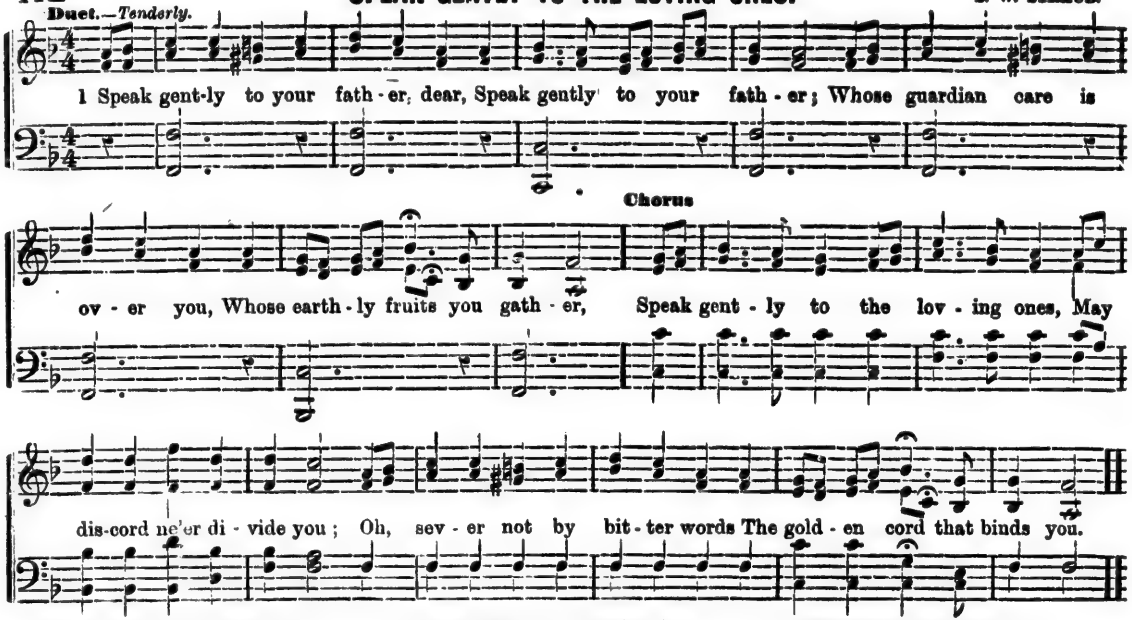
Shout the an - swer back to hea - ven—We are rea - dy—*now!*

3 See! the prophets now are showing
How the fort must fall;
There is no such thing as failing,
Shout, my comrades, all!

4 Fierce and long the siege has lasted,
But the end is near;
Onward leads our great Commander,
Cheer! my comrades, cheer!

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE LOVING ONES.

S. W. STRAUB.

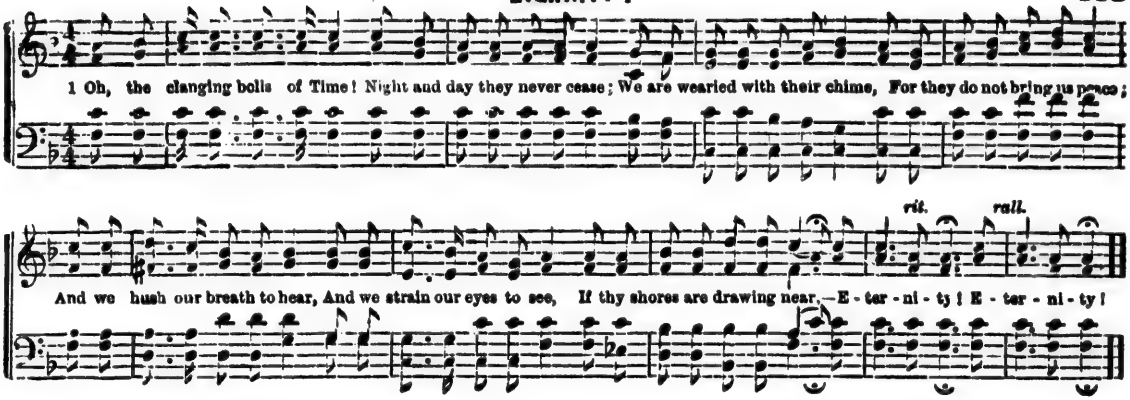


2 Speak gently to your mother, dear,
Speak gently to your mother;
Whose tender love and anxious care,
Shall ever o'er you hover.

3 Speak gently to your brother, dear,
Speak gently to your brother;
Who would defend your goodly name,
And shield it from dishonour.

4 Speak gently to your sister, dear,
Speak gently to your sister;
Remember that ofttimes you may
By kindly words assist her.

ETERNITY!



2 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
How their changes rise and fall;
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly thro' them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our mements onward flee;
And it speaketh aye one word,
Eternity! Eternity!

3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound,
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,—
Eternity! Eternity!

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime
We shall feel the silence come!
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,—
Eternity! Eternity!

ON TO VICTORY.

T. C. O'KANE.

1st.

1 Raise your ban-ner high in air, Write the name of Je - sus there; Marching, marching on to vic - to - ry;
Let its folds be wide unfurl'd; Let it float o'er all the world; [*Omit.*

Chorus.

March-ing march-ing on to vic - to - ry. Marching, marching on to vic - to - ry; Marching, marching, this we soon shall see;

Press, ye sol-diers, press ye on; Cease not till the bat-tle's won; Marching, marching on to vic - to - ry.

2 Hear the great Commander call,
"Into ranks, ye soldiers fall!"
Marching, marching on to victory;
Never from your purpose bend;
He'll be with you to the end;
Marching, marching on to victory.

3 Round the banner of the Cross,
Whether earthly gain or loss,
Marching, marching on to victory.
Let us rally day by day;
While we fight, both watch and pray;
Marching, marching on to victory.

RALLY 'ROUND THE BIBLE.

E. A. PERKINS.

Lively.

1 Ral - ly 'round the Bi - ble, Chil - dren, let us sing, Now with joy - ful voices Praises to our King;

Lift the Gospel Banner O'er a sin - ning world, Let its matchless beauty Ev - er be unfurl'd.

Chorus.

Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine! Ho - ly Bi - ble, book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine!

2 Trust the Bible, children, From the shining way
Of its holy teachings Never go astray.
Guided by its precepts Let our actions be,
Then each precious promise Is for you and me.

3 Love the Bible, children, For its lessons tell
How the blessed Saviour Came on earth to dwell
From His home in heaven, And His life He gave,
Every wayward wanderer From his sins to save.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BAXTER.

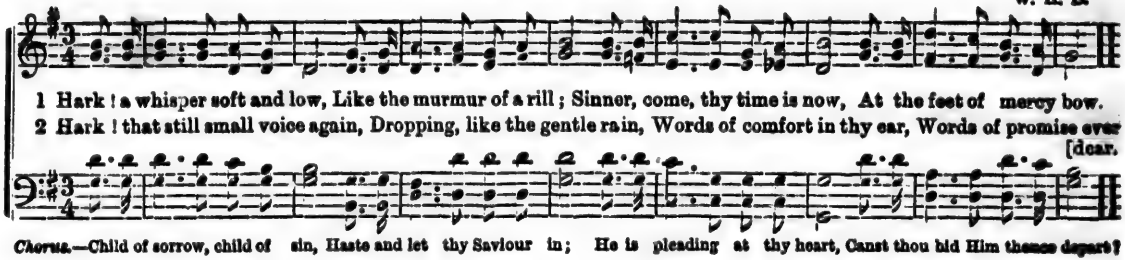
Our Father, who art in heav'n, hal-low-ed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heav'n.

Give us this day our dai-ly bread; And for-give us our trespasses, as we forgive those who tres-pass a-gainst us;

And lead us not in-to temp-tation, but de-liv-er us from e-vil, For Thine is the king-dom, and the pow-er, and the

THE VOICE WITHIN.

W. H. B.



3 See, His arm is round thee thrown,
He would seal thee now His own;
Time so precious, time so brief,
Wilt thou wait in unbelief?

4 Pleading yet—O hear Him say,
Come, behold the living way;
Come, by all My love for thee,
Now be reconciled to Me.

I'VE BEEN REDEEM'D.

As sung by the Tennesseans.

Arr. by Dr. T. H. PEACOCK.

1 There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sin-ners plung'd be -
2 Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, Till all the ransom'd

neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains, I've been re - deem'd - - - - - I've been re -
Church of God Are sav'd to sin no more. I've been redeem'd

Chorus.

- deem'd, - - - - - I've been redeem'd - - - - - I've been redeem'd - - - - - I've been re -
I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,

I'VE BEEN REDEEM'D. *(Concluded.)*

Fine.

- deem'd, - - - - - I've been re - deem'd, - - - - - been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,

Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb, Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb.
Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,

Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb, - - - - That flow'd on Cal - va - ry. *pp*
Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,

D. S. to 𝄋

WE ARE GOING.

J. H. F.

1 From the land of toil and du - ty, Where the shadows lie al - way, To the realms of light and

beau - ty, Where no night shall end the day; From the sor - row and the sigh - ing, Bro - ken

hopes and gath'ring fears, To the home where is no cry - ing, Where God wipes a - way all tears.

WE ARE GOING. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.

We are go - ing, We are go - ing, We are going from this vale of death and sin; We are
We are going, We are going,

go - ing, We are go - ing, To the pear - ly gates of glo - ry, Where the ransom'd enter in.
We are going, We are going,

2 From the withering buds and flowers,
Where the unripe fruits decay,
To the fadeless summer bowers,
Where the blessed walk alway;
From the harps whose cords are broken,
Ere we touch each tuneful string,
Where the heart but feels unspoken,
Sweeter songs than those we sing,

3 From where gathering storm-clouds lower
Ever o'er our daily path,
Where the angels of God's power
Tread the wine-press of His wrath;
To the temple ever glorious
With the brightness of His face,
Where the saints o'er earth victorious,
Share the bounties of His grace.

KITTREDGE.

FRANZ ABT.

Solo or Duet. Girls. Solo or Duet.

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest; Lay down thou wea - ry one, lay down

Boys. Chorus.

Thy head up - on my breast. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and

sad, I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He and He has made me glad.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say, Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one; Stoop down and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now, and now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say, I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star my Sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all, till all my days are done.

LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. 2.

1 { I'm a pilgrim and a stranger pass-ing o - ver, The road may be rough, but 'tis clear
{ And a starry crown awaits me o'er the riv - er, And [Omit - - - - - - } Jesus bids me wel-come there.

Chorus.

There are lights a - long the shore that nev - er grow dim, That nev - er, nev - er grow dim; These souls are all aflame with the love of Je - sus' name, They guide us, yes, they guide us un-to Him

2 Sometimes I meet with trials on my journey,
Temptation and sorrow by the way:
But Jesus speaks, and says, "I'm ever near thee,
To guide to realms of endless day."

3 Friends of Jesus! may your lights be trimmed and burning,
And shining along the way of love;
Soon you'll gain the heights of glory, and be singing
The happy songs of saints above.

4 We're a happy band of Christians, bound for Canaan,
The land is in view, the wind's fair;
We will sing redeeming love beyond the Jordan,
With Jesus dwell forever there.

GLORY TO ISRAEL'S GOD.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

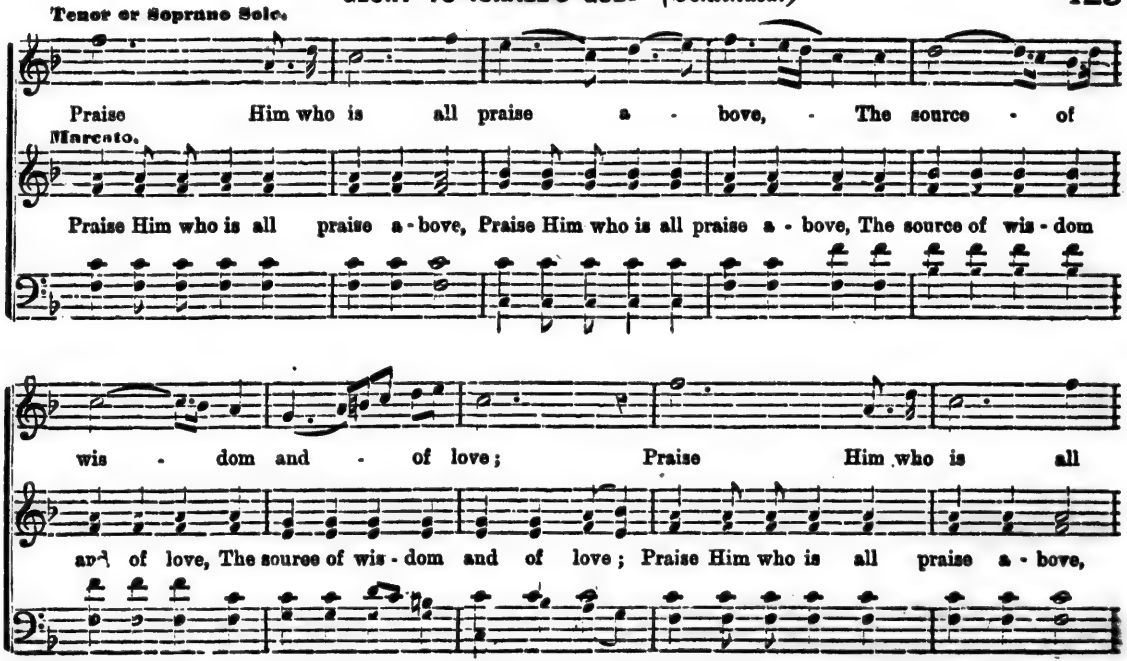
Fine.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to Israel's God; Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to Is-rael's God.

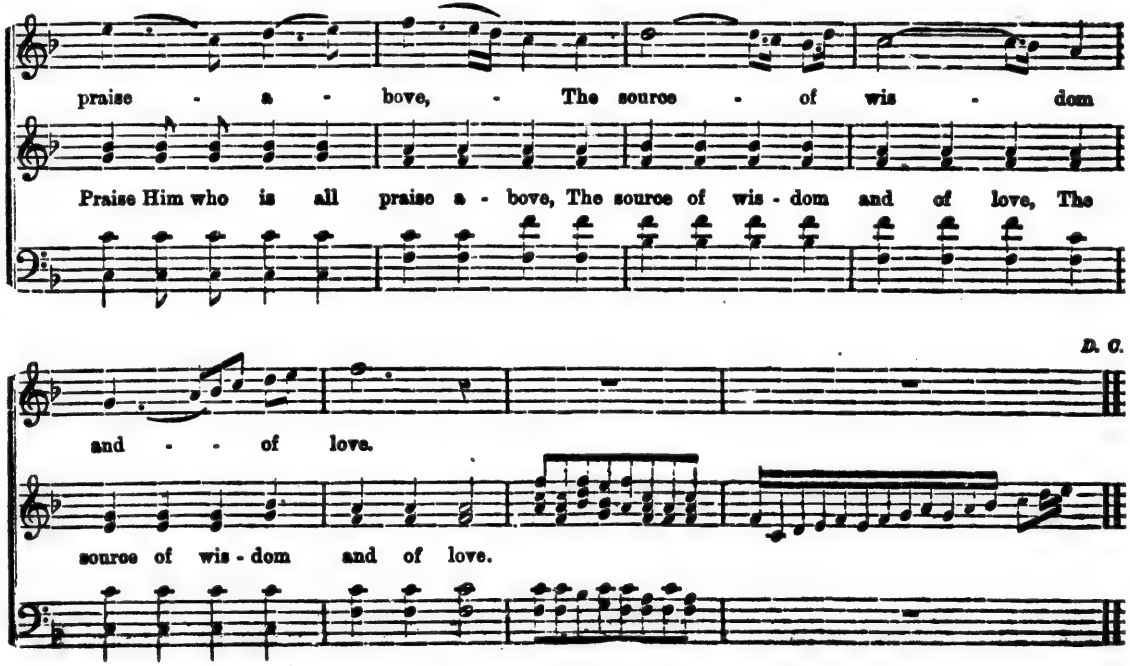
Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to Israel's God; Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to Is-rael's God.

A - wake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing;

A - wake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing;


Tenor or Soprano Solo.
Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, - The source - of
Marcato.
Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom
wis - dom and - of love; Praise Him who is all
and of love, The source of wis - dom and of love; Praise Him who is all praise a - bove,

GLORY TO ISRAEL'S GOD. *(Concluded.)*



WORK, WATCH, PRAY.

J. H. F.

1 Work when the morn - ing shin - eth, Work when the noon - day gleams, Work when the day de -

Chorus.

clin - eth, Work in the mid-night dreams. Work (and) watch (and) pray, Work for the day will

soon be gone; Work (and) watch (and) pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.

2 Work with a heart inspiring,
Work with a ready hand,
Work for the pure and holy,
Work for the true and grand.

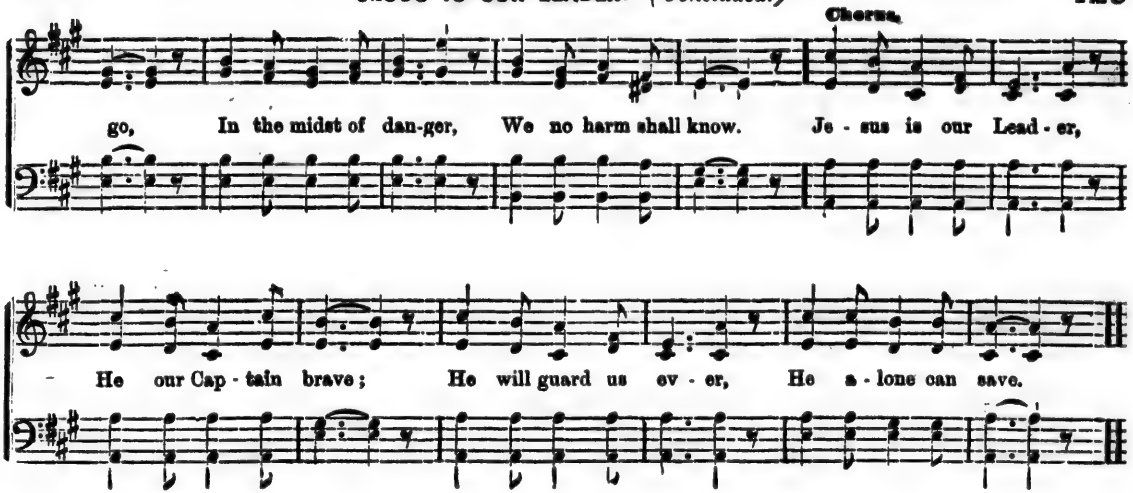
3 Work till the summons cometh,
"Join with the hosts at rest,"
So shall thy days be joyful,
So shall thy nights be blest.

JESUS IS OUR LEADER.

1 Je - sus is our Lead - er, As we pass a - long; He to keep is a - ble,

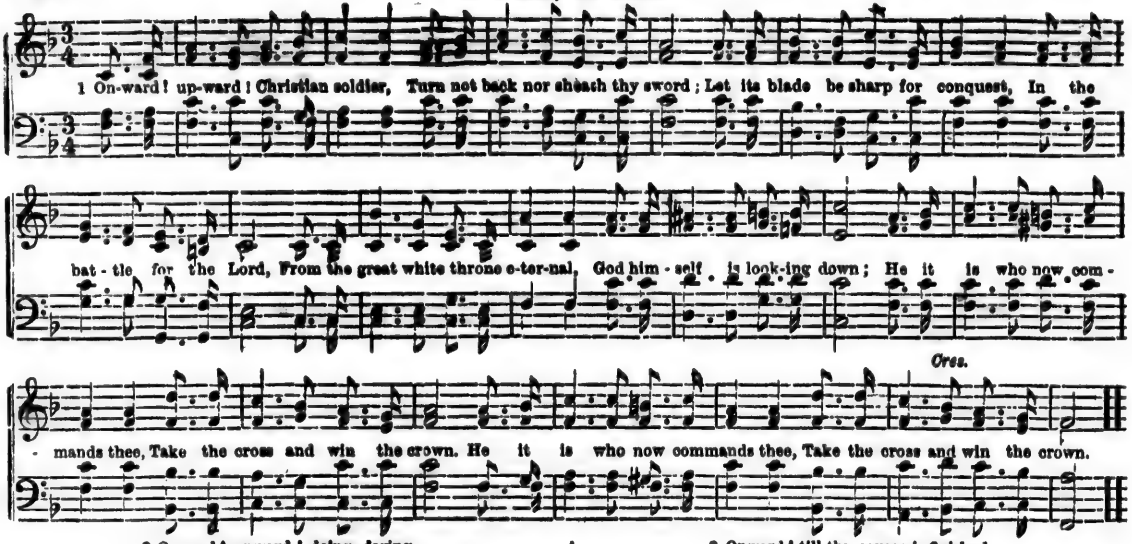
He to save is strong. We are lit - tle chil - dren, Walking by His side; We will

lean up - on Him, He our steps will guide. If we on - ly fol - low, Where His footsteps



2 Jesus is our Leader,
Jesus is our Friend;
He will guard and guide us,
Till our lives shall end.
If we only follow
Where his footsteps go,
In the midst of danger,
We no harm shall know.
We will do Thy bidding,
Oh, Redeemer, blest!
Thou wilt guide our spirits
To the land of rest.

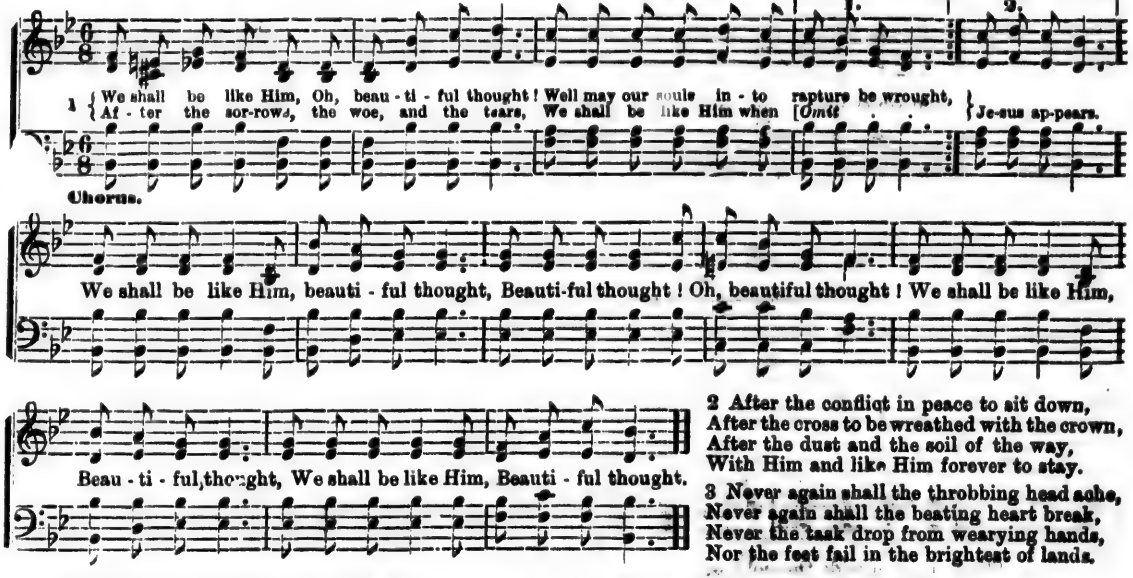
ONWARD, UPWARD.



2 Onward! upward! doing, daring
All for Him who died for thee;
Face the foe and meet with boldness
Danger whatsoe'er it be.
From the battlements of glory,
Holy ones are looking down;
Thou canst almost hear them shouting:
"On! let no one take thy crown."

3 Onward! till thy course is finished,
Like the ransomed ones before;
Keep the faith through persecution,
Never give the battle o'er.
Onward! upward! till victorious
Thou shalt lay thine armour down,
And thy loving Saviour bids thee
At His hand receive thy crown.

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.



2 After the conflict in peace to sit down,
After the cross to be wreathed with the crown,
After the dust and the soil of the way,
With Him and like Him forever to stay.

3 Never again shall the throbbing head ache,
Never again shall the beating heart break,
Never the task drop from wearying hands,
Nor the feet fail in the brightest of lands.

4 Never shall sin with the trail of its shame
Shadow love's sunlight, nor chill its clear flame;
Saviour, oft grieved in the house of Thy friends,
Ne'er will we wound Thee when earth's frail life ends.

5 When Thou appearest, Oh, rapturous thought,
Well may our souls into rapture be wrought,
We shall be like Thee when this life is o'er,
Wound Thee, deny Thee, offend Thee no more.

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

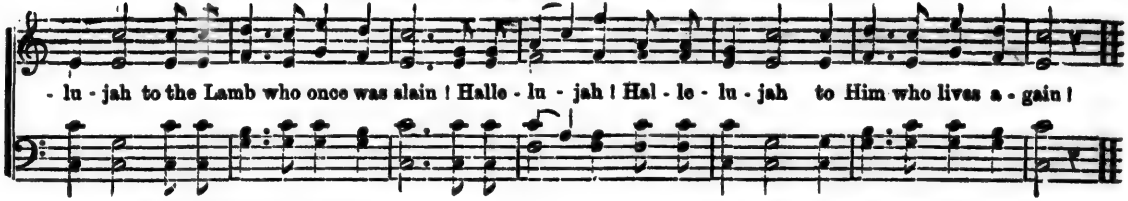
IRA. D. SANKEY.

1 Ten thousand times ten thou - sand, In spark-ling rai - ment bright, The ar - mies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light; 'Tis finish'd, all is finish'd, Their fight with death and

Chorus.

in; Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic-tors in. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND. *(Concluded.)*

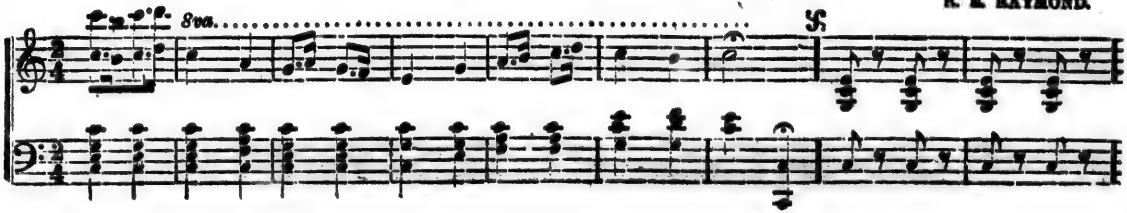


2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
Oh day of which creation
And all its tribes were made !
Oh joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid !

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore !
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

RING THE MERRY BELLS.—CAROL.

R. R. RAYMOND.



RING THE MERRY BELLS. *(Continued.)*

1 Ring the merry bells, the sil-ver-sounding bells, It is the Christmas morn! To
2 Crowding all the dome of the starry winter sky, The heav'nly host a - gain Sing,
3 Joy - ful - ly the shepherds haste to Bethlehem, And wise men from a - far, The

all the world their mer - ry mu - sic tells That Christ the Lord is born.
Glo - ry glo - ry be to God on high, Good will and peace to men!
low - ly sta - ble we enter now with them, Be - neath the guid - ing Star.

RING THE MERRY BELLS. *(Concluded.)*

BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL. *rit.* *a tempo.*

Then ring-ing, sing-ing, Fir and hol-ly bring-ing, Sound the joy-ous lay; Your voi-ces

raise, to sing the praise, Of the babe that was born to-day!

4 There the shining angels mingle undefiled
With oxen in the stall;
The mother mild bends above the Holy Child,
And at His feet we fall.

5 Glorious Redeemer, on thy baby-brow
Belongs a loyal crown;
The Lord of all the universe art Thou,
Yet love hath brought Thee down.

'NEATH THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1 When earth's boist'rous storms a - ris - ing, Would en - gulf my feeble bark, And my feet are worn and wea - ry, And my soul is sad and dark; When a - round my heart per - di - tion All its fi - ery darts doth fling, Then, dear Saviour, hide me, hide me 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing.

2 With a friend like Thee, dear Saviour,
I should never feel alarm,
For no matter what the danger,
Thou canst keep me from all harm.
But oft doubts and fears surround me—
Life to all some cares will bring;
To the end, Oh Saviour, keep me,
'Neath the shadow of thy wing.

3 And when here my days are ended,
When life's cares and fears are o'er,
To that land where dwell the angels,
Take my spirit ever more.
Where, with heavenly joys enraptured,
All my soul shall sweetly sing
Praises unto Thee while resting
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

1 Hark! the Christmas bells are ring-ing, An-gel voic-es join the lay, Peace on earth, goodwill for ev-er; Christ, the Saviour, born to-day.

2 Hark! the Christmas bells are ring-ing, Hail with joy th' auspicious day; Sor-row, pain, and grief are banish'd, fall-ing tears are wip'd a-way.

Chorus.

Come to the manger, come and worship Christ, the Saviour, born to-day; Come with the shepherds, come and wor-ship; Star of Bethl'hem guide our way.

3 Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Prince of Peace Emanuel reigns;
King and Saviour, Christ, Redeemer,
Evermore His right maintains.

4 Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Precious gifts let all prepare;
Richer far than gold or jewels,
Gifts of holy praise and prayer.

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

H. R. PALMER.

1 Each coo-ing dove - - - - - and sigh-ing bough - - - - That makes the eve - - - - -

Each coo - ing dove, and sigh-ing bough, That makes the eve

so blest to me - - - - Has something far - - - di - vin - er now - - - - It bears me

so blest to me, Has something far di-vin - er now,

Chorus.

back - - - - - to Gal - i - lee - - - - - Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where

It bears me back to Gal - i - lee. Oh, Gal - i - lee, Sweet Gal - i - lee, Where

Je - sus lov'd so much to be; Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

Je - sus lov'd so much to be; Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

2 Each flowery glen and mossy dell,
Where happy birds in song agree,
Through sunny morn the praises tell,
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.

3 And when I read the thrilling lore
Of Him who walked upon the sea,
I long, Oh, how I long once more,
To follow Him in Galilee.

HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

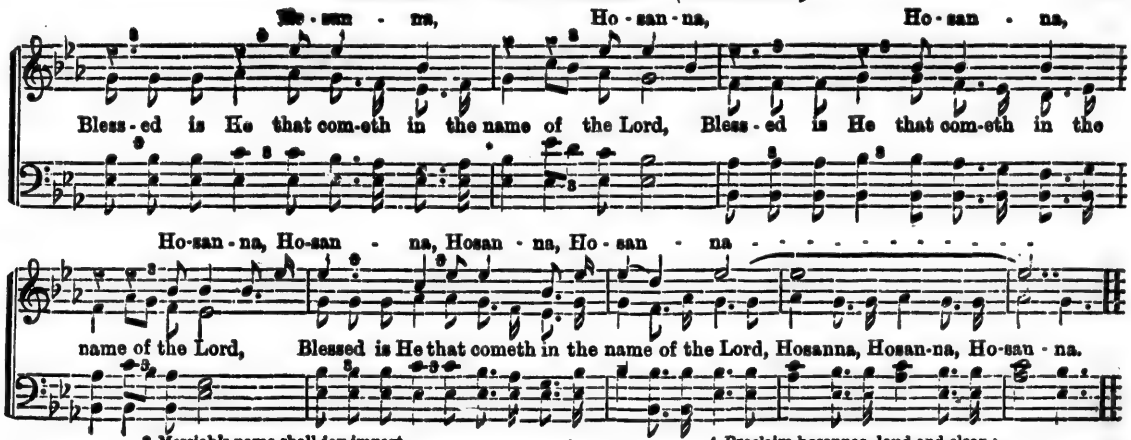
1 What are those soul-reviving strains Which echo thus from Salem's plains ! What anthems loud and louder still,
2 Lo ! 'tis a youthful chorus sings, Ho-san - na to the King of kings ; Nor these alone their voice shall raise,

Chorus.

So sweet-ly sound from Zi - on's hill ? Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho-san - na in the highest,
For we will join this song of praise.

Bles-ed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord,

HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST. *(Concluded.)*



3 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, He bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

4 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to Him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the rapturod soul.

2 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

3 "Oh Zion, lift thy raptured eye!
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

4 He comes to cheer the trembling heart
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

Duet.

1 Gath-er up the fragments Scatter'd here and there, Wrecks of broken spirits Overcome by care ; Pitying behold them,

Chorus. Duet.

Tho' they make no plea, Labour to restore them Whereso'er they be, Gather up the fragments, Gather up the fragments

Chorus. Duet. Chorus. Ad lib.

Gather up the fragments Scatter'd tho' they be. Gather up the fragments Gather up the fragments, Gather up the fragments, Gently, tenderly,

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS. *(Concluded.)*

2 Gather up the fragments, All that ye can find,
Fragments, Oh, how many And of ev'ry kind;
Blighted hopes and fortunes Strewn along the way,
Sorrowful remind us Of a better day.

3 Gather up the fragments Scattered thro' the land,
Gather them together With a gentle hand;
Gather up the longings Of the famished souls,
Hearts are sad and broken, Strive to make them whole,

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

T. E. PERKINS.

1 There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev-er to fade nor fall, Till in - to the fold of the

D. S Oh, turn to that love, weary

Chorus. *Fine.* D.S.

peace of God, He has gath - er'd us all. Jesus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free;

wand'ring soul, Je - sus plead-eth for thee.

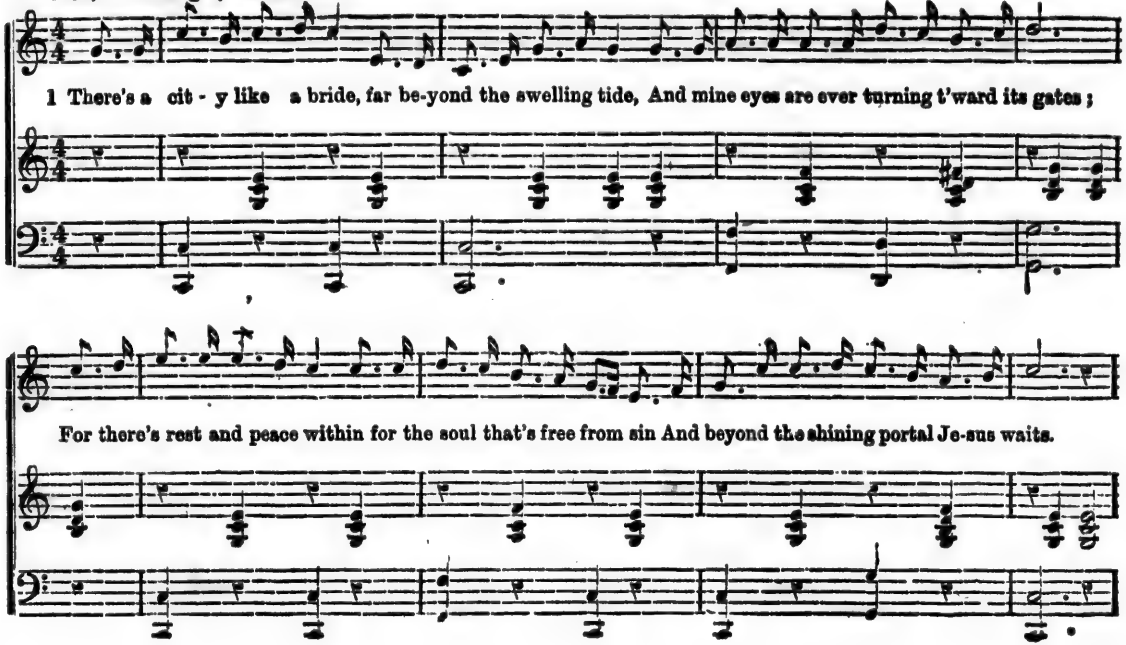
2 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,
But He feels it above.

3 Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus,
Oh, may we never roam,
Till safe at last on His loving breast,
In the dear, heavenly home.

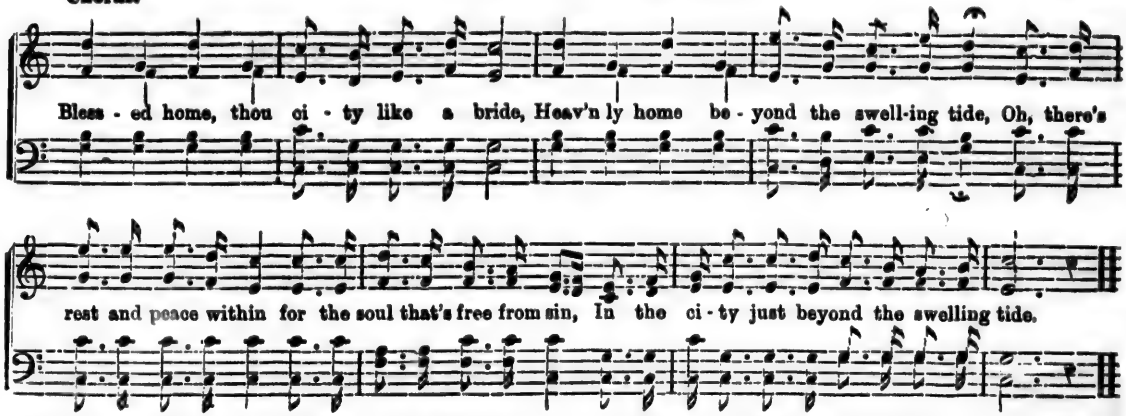
CITY LIKE A BRIDE.

W. A. OGDEN.

Solo, to be sung by the School.



Chorus.



2 In that city clear as light there's a mansion fair and bright,
He prepared for me inside the pearly gates;
So my longing eyes I turn, while my soul with transport burns,
For I know upon its threshold Jesus waits.

3 Here are hearts grown old with fears; here are eyes grown dim with tears,
But no cares perplex beyond the blessed gates;
There alike the rich and poor find a haven safe and sure;
And for every homeless wand'rer Jesus waits.

4 Oh, how cheering is the thought, to my soul with blessing frought,
While mine eyes are ever turning t'ward its gates;
That for me and all beside, all for whom the Saviour died,
Just within the shining portal Jesus waits.

SEE, THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ARISES.

Harmonised by W. A. OGDEN.

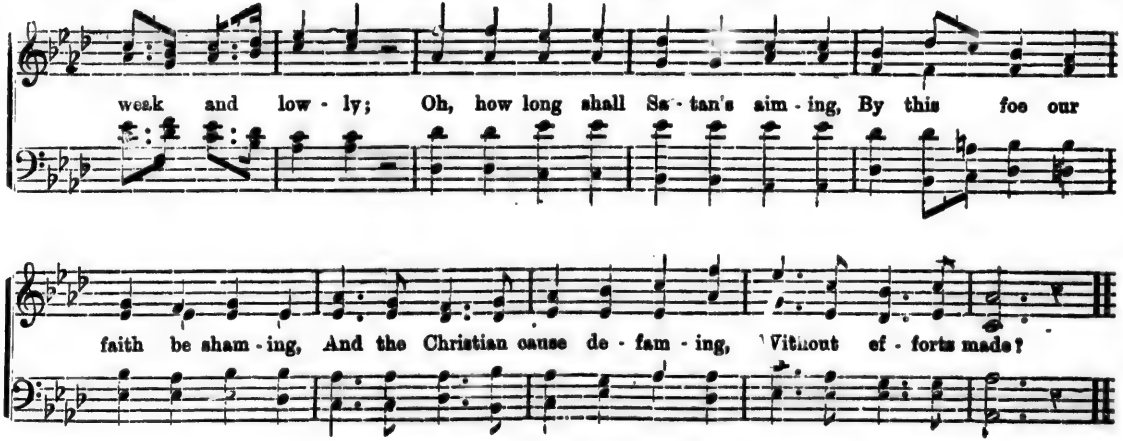
Spirited.

1 { See, the Church of Christ a - ris - es, Smile or frown of man de - spis - es, For - ward,
Lis - ten to the drunkard's wail - ing, See his strug-gles un - a - vail - ing, Now when

is the cry it rais - es, For a great cru - sade;
hu - man he'p seems fail - ing, Christians lend your aid. } Join us good and ho - ly,

Bet - ter days come slow - ly, We will stand a temp'rance band, To aid the

SEE, THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ARISES. *(Concluded.)*



2 Men of God, your help come lend us,
From the scorn and sneer defend us,
Loving hearts and prayers, Oh, send us,
In the great distress;
Help us, pastors, help us, teachers,
Harvest rich awaits the reapers,
There's no room for drones and sleepers,
God the work will bless.

Shall the drunkard perish,
While our ease we cherish.
And the foe unchecked below,
Destroy our best and bravest?
Talents, time, and life are flying,
We shall soon be with the dying,
For Thy sake ourselves denying,
Love us Lord not less.

WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS OF ZION.

C. H. GABRIEL.

Solo.

1 Watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Keep-ing watch with sleepless brow, Through the lone - ly night and wea - ry, Watch - ing long, what se - est thou?

Duet.

Ranks of foes are swift ad - vanc - ing, Sin and crime are fall - ing round; Cap - tain call - ing, ar - mour glanc - ing, War - cries loud and loud-er sound.

Chorus.

Cour - age, sol - diers, on to bat - tle, Though the strife be hard and long; Yet press on, a light is dawn - ing, Sing with loud, tri - umph - ant song.

Sing with loud, tri - umph - ant song.

WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS OF ZION. *(Concluded.)*

2 Watchman on the walls of Zion,
Keeping watch with sleepless brow,
From the battle, long and fearful,
Watching brave, what seest thou?
Sounds of war, with horrid clatter,
Drums are beating loud and clear;
The battle's din the bugle
Of our army plain I hear.

3 Watchman on the walls of Zion,
Keeping watch with sleepless brow,
What report now of the battle,
To our longing, givest thou?
Victory has crowned our army,
See the foe retreating fast;
Yes our army is victorious,
Victory is gained at last,

JESUS, HIGH IN GLORY. (INFANT CLASS.)

Moderato. T. M. MILLER.

1 Je - sus high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear, While we bow be-fore Thee, In - fant praises hear.

Chorus.

Hear us, lov-ing Saviour, Hear us now, we pray, Let Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit Dwell with us to - day.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heav'n's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak, and often stray,
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.

Lively.

W. A. OGDEN.

1 Oh, cit - y of the Jasp - er wall, And of the pear - ly gate, For thee, a -

- mid the storms of life, Our wea - ry spir - its wait. Oh, may we walk the

Duet. *p*

Chorus. *f*

streets of gold, No mor - tal feet have trod; Oh, may we wor - ship at the shrine,

Duet. *p*

CITY OF THE JASPER WALL. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus. Full Chorus.

The tem - ple of our God. Oh, land - - of bliss, - - - Oh, land - - - of light, - - Oh, cit - y of the Jasp - er wall, Oh, land for - ev - - er bright.

Oh, land, Oh, land of bliss, Oh, land, Oh, land of light,

2 Oh, city where they need no light
Of sun, or moon, or star,
Could we with eye of faith but see
How bright thy mansions are,
How soon our doubts would flee away,
How strong our trust would grow,
Until our hearts should trust no more
On treasures here below.

3 Oh, city where the shining gates
Shut out all grief and sin,
Well may we yearn, amid earth's strife,
Thy holy peace to win.—
Yet will we meekly bear the cross,
Nor seek to lay it down,
Until our Father calls us home,
And gives the promised crown.

RING THE GLAD BELLS. (OPENING.)

W. A. OGDEN.

Duet. Chorus. Duet.

1 Welcome the sound of the mu - sic - al bells, Joy bells, Joy bells; Ring - ing a - far through

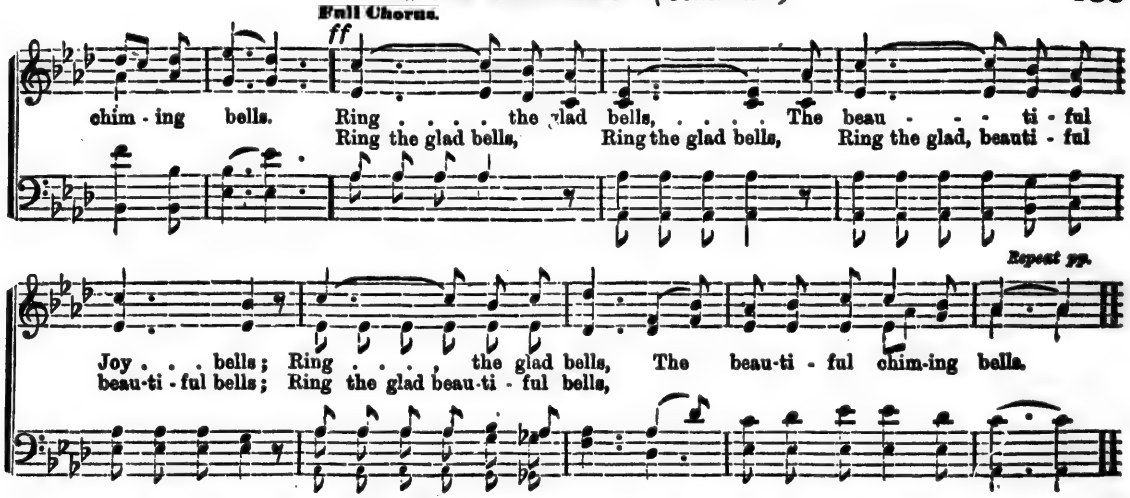
Chorus. Duet.

val-leys and dells, Beau - ti - ful chim - ing bells. Call - ing the children all o - ver the land,

Chorus. Duet. Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful bells, beau - ti - ful bells, To join in the ranks of the Sun-day-school band, Beauti - ful

RING THE GLAD BELLS. *(Concluded.)*



2 Welcome the call of the musical bells,
Joy bells, joy bells;
Joy and delight their pealing foretells,
Beautiful chiming bells.
Thousands responding with Christ as their guide,
Ring the glad bells, beautiful bells,
Are marching right onward whatever betide,
Ring the glad chiming bells.

3 Ring the glad bells as we journey along,
Joy bells, joy bells;
Travelling homeward with music and song,
Ringing the joyful bells.
Soon we'll embark for the heavenly shore,
Ring the glad bells, beautiful bells,
The beacon light gleams in the distance before,
Ring the glad chiming bells.

BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE.

W. A. OGDEN.

1 Sun-shine, bright sun-shine is cheer - ing us to - day, Hill-side and val - ley are bless'd by its ray, Lift we our song to our Fa - ther and say, We thank Thee for the sun-shine.

Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful sun - - - - - - - shine, Beau - ti - ful sun - - - - - - - shine, 'Tis Beau - ti - ful beau-ti - ful sun - shine. Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful sun - shine,

spark-ling all a - round, Yes, all a-round so bright; Beau-ti - ful sun - - - - - - - -
spark-ling all a - round, Yes, all a-round so bright; Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

For last stanza repeat pp.

- shine, Beau-ti - ful sun - - - - - - - - shine, 'Tis flood - ing all the world with light.
sun-shine, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful sun-shine, Flood-ing all the world with light, with light.

2 Well do we know the golden sunbeam's worth,
Ripening our food, and rejoicing the earth,
Loud sing the birds, and we join in their mirth,
We thank Thee for the sunshine.

3 Freely for all shines the sunshine of grace,
Open our hearts, Lord, and give it a place,
Love from the soul the dark shadows will chase,
We thank Thee for the sunshine.

IN HAPPY SONG.

W. A. OGDEN.

1 In hap - py song our voic-es we will raise, In hap - py song the Savior's name to praise, For grace and mer - cy all the man - y days, For present blessings we en - joy.

Chorus.

Hap - py song, - - hap - py Happy song, song, Happy song, happy song, Happy song, happy song, We'll praise Him in our happy song. happy song, Happy song, happy song, Happy song, happy, etc.

2 We praise Him for one blessed day in sev'n,
We praise Him for His mercies daily giv'n,
We praise Him for our present hope of heav'n,
We praise Him for His holy Word.

3 And when we meet on yonder happy shore,
When toil, and pain, and trials all are o'er,
We'll shout His praises ever, evermore,
We'll swell redemption's happy song.

SABBATH HOME. (OPENING.)

Lively.

D. C. 1. 'Tis the ho - ly day of rest, And with hap - py hearts we come To the Sab - bath school so dear, To our cheer-ful Sab-bath home. *Fine.* **Duet.** Here we read the Word of God, Here we talk a - bout His love, Here we learn the way to Him, And to the blessed home a - bove. **Chorus.** *D.C.*

2 Here we bow in earnest prayer,
And in song our voices raise;
Here for needed blessings ask,
Hither come with thanks and praise.
All our faces here are bright,
And in love we all agree;
Oh, it is a blessed sight
That angels would rejoice to see.

3 Ever, while on earth we stay,
May we thus together come;
Ever, till we pass away
To our heavenly Sabbath home.
There, if faithful, we shall meet,
And our songs together rise;
Crowns of glory we shall wear
In yonder mansions of the skies.

OH, WE LOVE THE BIBLE.

1 Oh, we love the Bi - ble—book di-vine!—Which God to man has giv'n; For as we read each

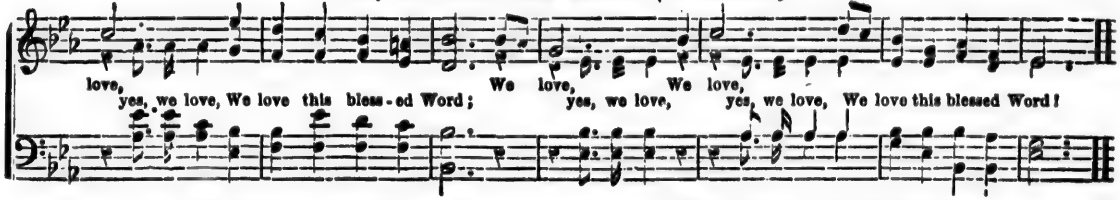
sa - cred line, We learn the way to heav'n: Like a lamp it shines up - on the road In which our feet should

Chorus.

tread;—Oh, yes, we love the sa-cred Word! The Word that God has said. We love - - - - we

yes, we love

OH, WE LOVE THE BIBLE. *(Concluded.)*

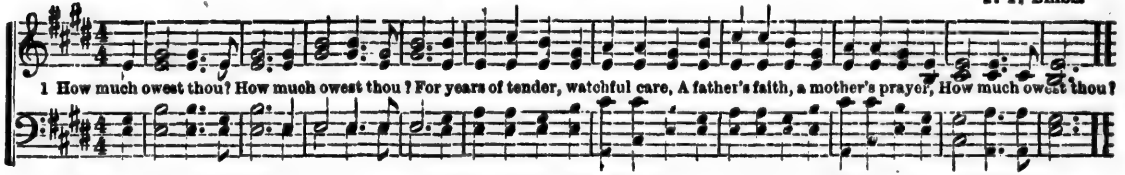


2 Of the good and chosen men of God
In this blest book we read,—
All those who truly served the Lord
In every word and deed;
They are bright examples for us here—
Those saints in heaven above;
Their perfect faith, their reverent fear,
And humble, fervent love.

3 There is comfort for the mourner here,
In words of love and peace;
And songs of praise the heart to cheer,
When pain and sorrow cease;
But the sweetest story, and the best,
That in this book is given,
Is where we learn of Jesus Christ,
Our hope on earth and heaven.

HOW MUCH OWEST THOU?

P. P. BLISS.



2 How much owest thou?
How much owest thou?
For calls and warnings loud and plain,
For songs and sermons heard in vain,
How much owest thou?

3 How much owest thou?
How much owest thou?
The day of grace is almost o'er,
The judgment time is just before,
How much owest thou?

3 How much owest thou?
How much owest thou?
Oh, child of God and heir of heaven!
Thy soul redeemed, thy sins forgiven,
How much owest thou?

THE SABBATH BELL.

E. COOK.

1 Lis - ten to the Sab - bath bells Sweet-ly chim - ing through the dell; Call-ing children to the place Where they
2 There they tell of Je - sus' love, Leav-ing His bright home a - bove; Bear-ing all earth's pain and loss, E-ven
3 'Tis to this the chim - ing bells, Calls us as their mu - sic swells; To the School we haste a - way, On this

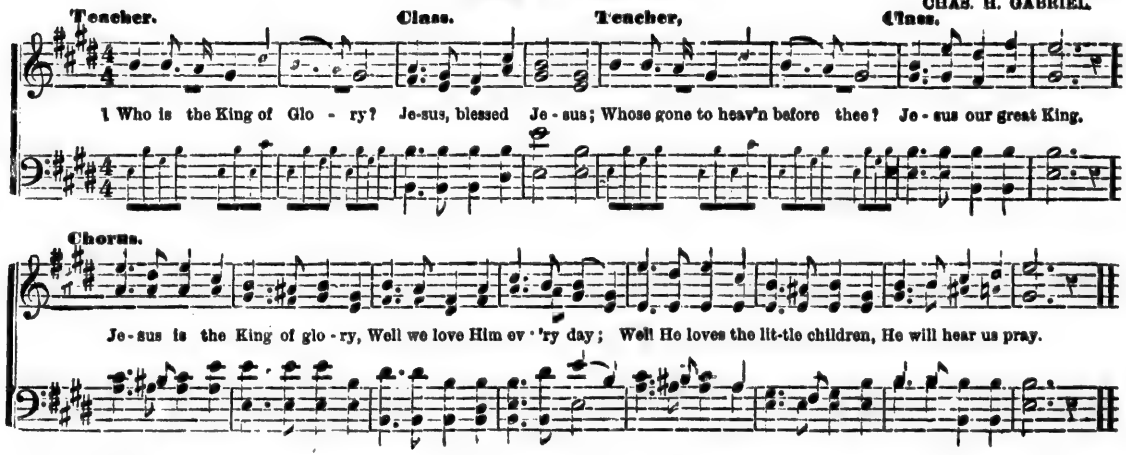
Chorus.

learn of Je - sus' grace. Sweetly chim - - - ing Sabbath bells, children love thy mu - sic
dy - ing on the cross. Sweetly chiming, sweetly chiming, chim - ing bells, chim - ing chim - ing
ho - ly Sabbath day. Sweet-ly chim - ing Sabbath bells . . . Sweetly chiming, sweetly chiming
Sweetly chiming, chiming, chiming, Sweetly chiming bells, chiming, chiming, sweetly chiming

well, Sweetly chim - - - ing Sabbath bell, - - - Thou of ho - ly things dost tell.
bells, chiming, chiming, sweetly chiming Sab - bath bells,
bells, Sweetly chim - ing Sabbath bells, - - - Thou of holy things dost tell.
bell, Chiming, chiming, sweetly chiming, sweetly chiming bells,

JESUS IS ALL IN ALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



2 Who died on Calvary's mountain?
Jesus, blessed Jesus;
Who opened heaven's fountain?
Jesus, our great King;
Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,
Bled and died to make us free,
Hung in agony so bitter,
Died to ransom me.

3 Who intercedes in heaven?
Jesus, blessed Jesus;
Pleads that our crowns be given?
Jesus, our great King;
Jesus pleads for us in heaven,
Tho' for us He died in pain?
He would love to have us blessed—
Love our souls to gain.

CROWN OF LIFE.

WM. W. BENTLEY.

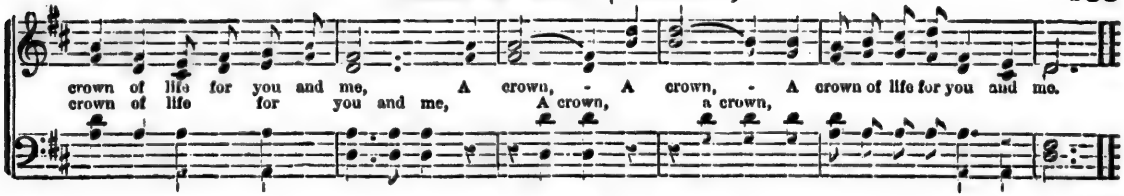
Lively.

1 We wea - ry on our jour - ney, We faint a - mid the strife, Yet Faith ex - ults be - ho'd - ing The dis - tant plains of life; There by the crys - tal riv - er, That flow - eth full and free;
2 The Mas - ter cries "good cour - age," The Mas - ter cries "good cheer;" The deep - est shades of mid - night Pro - claim the morn-ing near; And con - flicts wax - ing strong - er, Be - tok - en vic - 'try nigh,
3 Soon with our glad ho - san - nas, We'll join the ran - som'd throng, Un - til the heights of hea - ven Ring with the migh-ty song; We'll sing to Him who lov'd us, And wash'd our souls from stain,

Chorus.

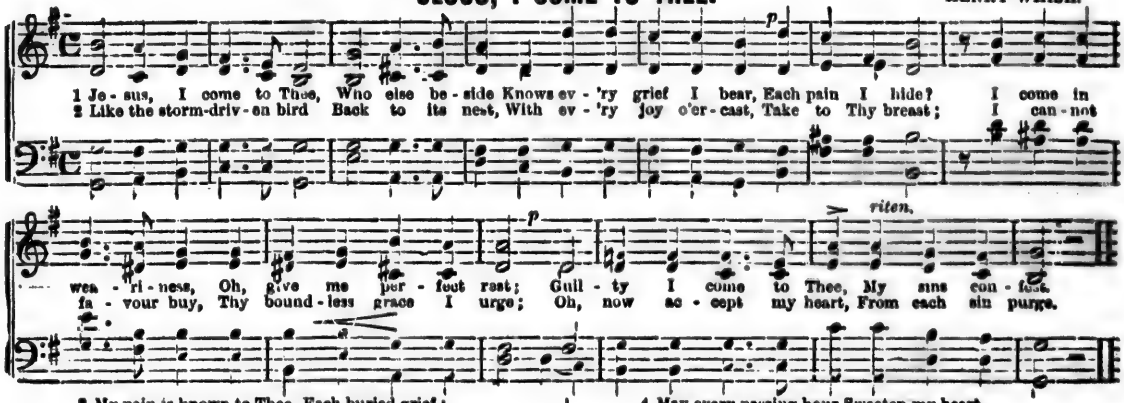
Bright an - gels now are weav - ing A crown for you and me. A crown, . a crown - A
When we shall lift our ban - ners, A - mid the hosts on high. A crown, A crown,
Om - nip - o - tent in glo - ry, The Lord our God shall reign.

CROWN OF LIFE. *(Concluded.)*



JESUS, I COME TO THEE.

HENRY WHISH.

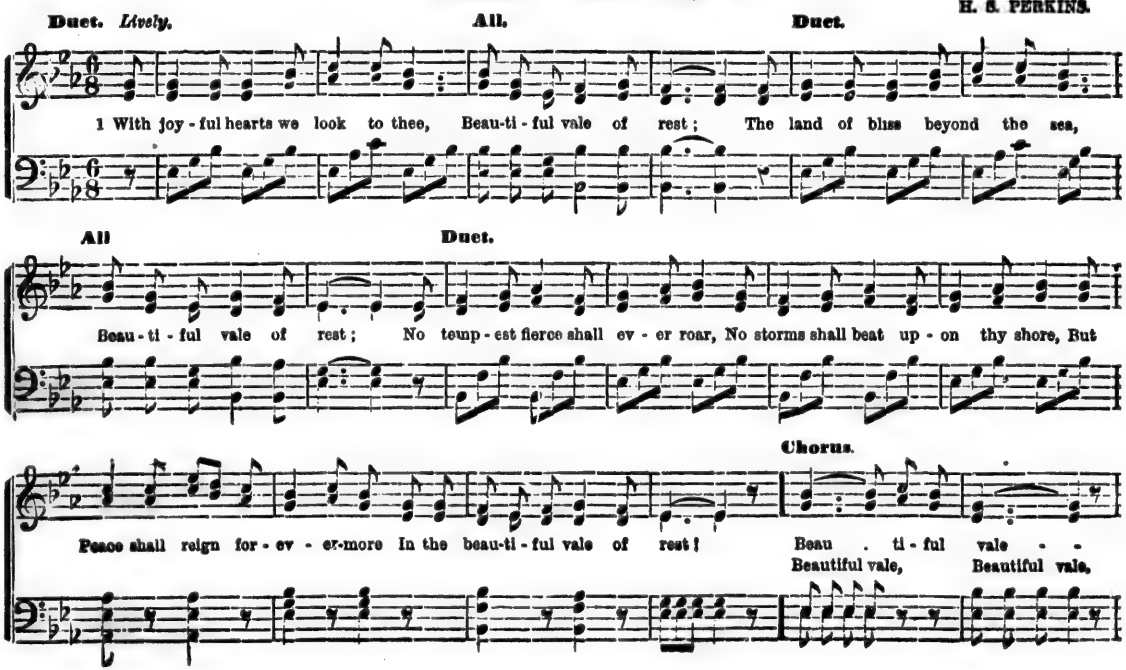


3 My pain is known to Thee, Each buried grief;
Saviour, permit this thought To bring relief.
My doubt is known to Thee, Each desperate fight with sin,
Oh blessed Paraclete, Live Thou within.

4 May every passing hour Sweeten my heart,
Lessen my selfishness, New grace impart;
Till in that better life My father's house I see,
Without a dimming veil 'Twixt Thee and me.

BEAUTIFUL VALE OF REST.

H. S. PERKINS.



BEAUTIFUL VALE OF REST. *(Concluded.)*

Repeat Chorus pp.

Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! We'll sing thy glo-ries ev - er-more, Thou beauti - ful vale of rest!

Our friends have gone, thy joys to seek,
Beautiful vale of rest;
To join the anthem of the meek,
Beautiful vale of rest;
They sing around the Father's throne
In concord of the sweetest tone,
With hearts of love, and love alone,
In the beautiful vale of rest!

3 We soon shall reach that holy place,
Beautiful vale of rest;
And see our Master's loving face,
Beautiful vale of rest;
We'll wear the crown of glory then,
And join the glorious, heavenly train,
With hallelujah and amen,
In the beautiful vale of rest!

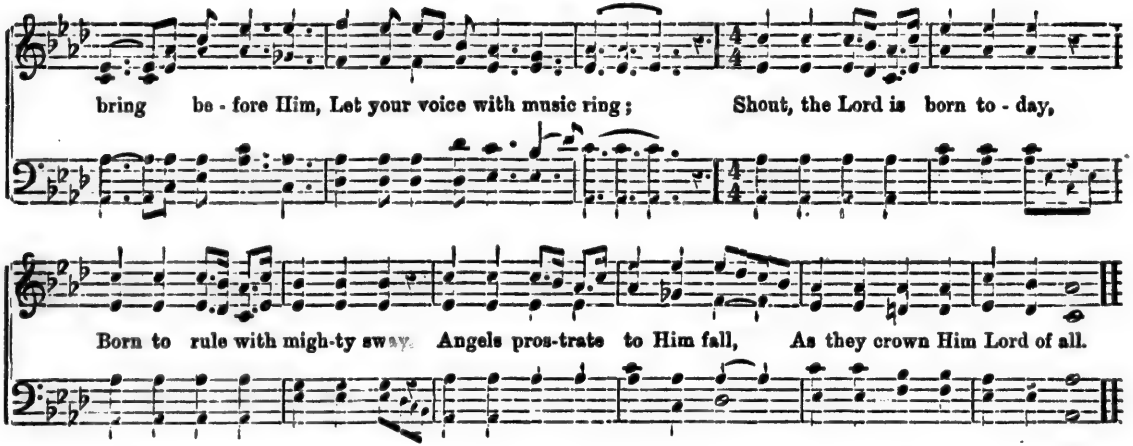
SING HOSANNA.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Maestoso.

1 Sing hosan-na, loud ho-san-na, Sing unto the Lord, our King; Loud - est anthems

SING HOSANNA. *(Concluded.)*



2 King Immanuel, infant Saviour,
Low in Bethlehem's stall to-day!
Wise men come and kneel before Him
Richest gifts to Him they bring
Angels tell the joyful word,
Now is born our blessed Lord,
Peace on earth, good will again,
Now, and evermore, Amen.

3 Earth rejoice for your redemption,
Jesus comes,—salvation brings!
Zion cheer, prepare to praise Him,
With the angels chant and sing!
See, the star that gleamed so br ght
Over Bethlehem's plains that night,
Shines forever bright and clear,
Guiding to the Saviour dear.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Arranged by HARRY SANDERS.

When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light sa - lutes mine eyes, Oh, Sun of Righteous -

- ness Di-vine, On me, with beams of mer - cy shine! Chase the dark clouds of guilt a - way, And

turn my dark-ness in - to day, Chase the dark clouds of guilt away, And turn my darkness in -to day.

2 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
|: And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies. :|

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflict's o'er, my labour's done,
Jesus Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying-bed;
|: And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise. :|

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

Spirited.

Arranged from Beethoven by HARRY SANDERS.

1 Je - sus! in Thy glorious dwelling, Where the heav'nly anthems ring, Dost Thou hear the children singing?
2 Je - sus! from the glory round Thee, Dost Thou look with smiling face? When the children's hands are lifted,

Chorus. *ff*

Dost Thou heed the praise they bring? Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! From the riv-er to the sea;
Low - ly pray-ing for Thy grace.

Sweet the voices of the children; Singing praises un - to Thee.

3 Jesus! though we cannot see Thee
Art Thou still our watchful Guide?
Does Thy loving whisper call us?
Does Thy tender hand provide?

4 Jesus! Thou wilt never leave us,
Till our feet at last shall stand,
With the choir of angels singing,
Day and night at Thy right hand.

GOD IS WITH US.

J. T. GRAPE.

Animato.

1 Lift to God the voice of sing - ing, Loud thanksgiving let us raise; Earth and sky with gladness ringing,
2 When our fathers humbly sought Him—Pleaded for the nations lost, His own arm salvation brought them

Ech - o wide a people's praise. God is with us, God is with us, With us as in ear - ly days.
And the blessed Ho - ly Ghost. On the nations, On the nations, Pour'd a - nother Pen - te-cost!

God is with us, God is with us, With us as in ear-ly days.
On the nations, On the nations, Pour'd another Pen-te - cost!

3 And the listening Church, in wonder
Hears to-day, in jubilee,
As the voice of mighty thunder,
Rolling over land and sea;
‖: One thanksgiving :‖
God hath set His people free.

4 This, then, be our song of boasting,
God is with us, as of yore:
Still in His salvation trusting,
We will journey as before.
‖: God is with us, :‖
Be our song for evermore.

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD.

Boldly.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Go work in my vineyard, the lab'rers are few, Why will you in i-dle-ness stand? There's something for all, e-ven

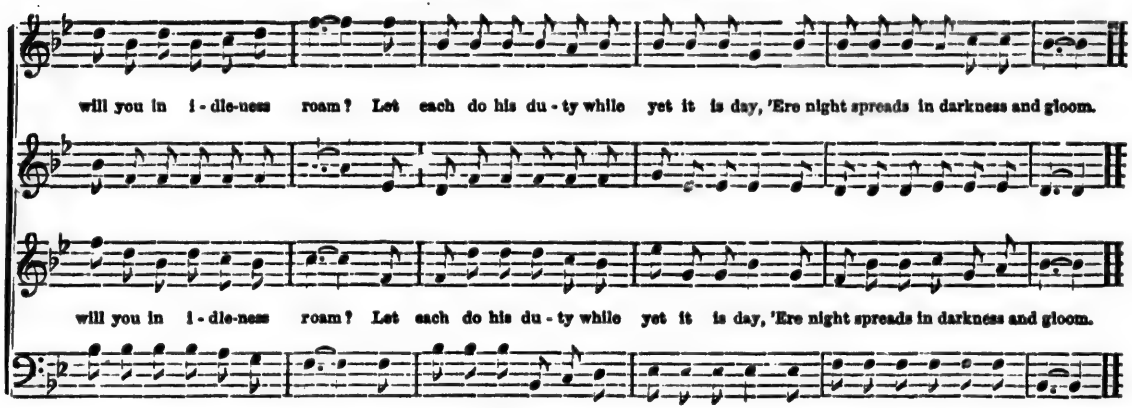
1 Go work in my vineyard, the lab'rers are few, Why will you in i-dle-ness stand? There's something for all, e-ven

Chorus.

chil-dren to do, Em-ployment for each lit-tle hand. Then on, take your sta-tion, no long-er de-lay, Why

chil-dren to do, Em-ployment for each lit-tle hand. Then on, take your sta-tion, no long-er de-lay, Why

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD. *(Concluded.)*

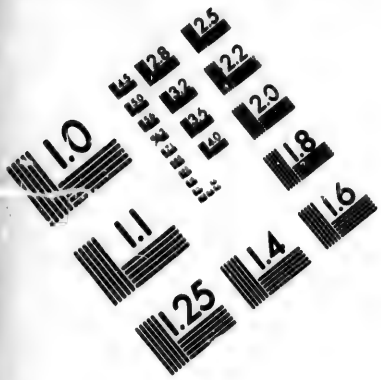


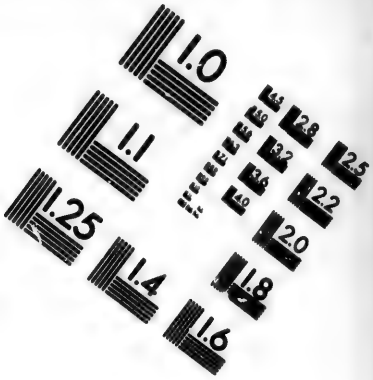
2 Go work in my vineyard, each dear little child
Can find some slight errand of love;
Some deed done in kindness, some word spoken mild,
May guide to the mansions above.

3 Go work in my vineyard, ye youth of the land,
Go bring your light heart to the task;
Work cheerfully, knowing the Lord will attend,
And pay all the wages we ask.

4 Go work in my vineyard, in the prime of thy life,
The tenderest vine needs thy care;
Go bare thy strong arm for the brunt of the strife,
A liberal reward thou shalt share.

5 Go work in my vineyard, ye aged and sad,
There's something remaining for you;
'Mid tear-drops while toiling, the Lord makes thee glad.
Yes, soon will thy wages come due,





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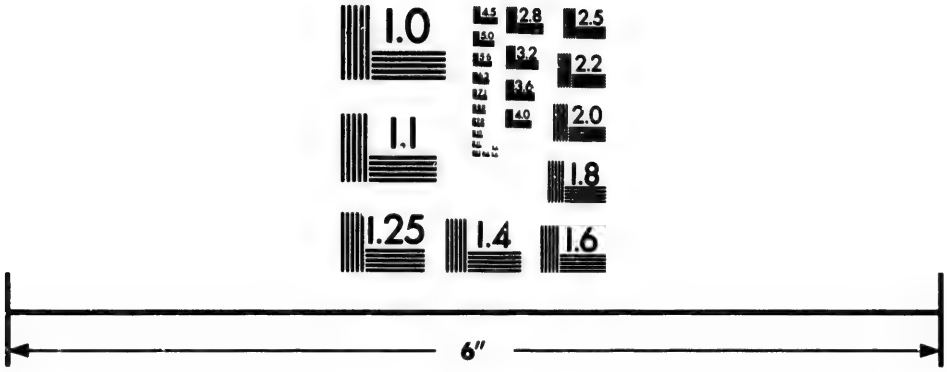

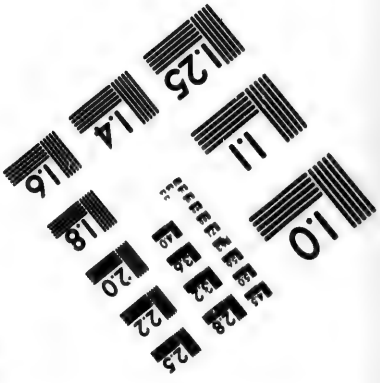

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JESUS LOVES OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Sprightly.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Happy children here u-nite, sweetly chant the sacred lay, Oh, the rapture, what delight, 'Tis the Master's chos-en way.

1 Happy children here u-nite, sweetly chant the sacred lay, Oh, the rapture, what delight, 'Tis the Master's chosen way.

Chorus.

Je - sus loves our Sun-day-school, Kindly leads our lit-tle band, Helps us keep the gold-en rule, Guards and saves us to the end.

Je - sus loves our Sun-day-school, Kindly leads our lit-tle band, Helps us keep the gold-en rule, Guards and saves us to the end.

2 Bow in reverence, hear His Word,
Holy is the place of prayer;
Here we meet our living Lord,
'Midst the angels hovering near

3 Teachers kind, and scholars dear,
Help to find the way to God,
Join in grateful praise and prayer.
Learn of the atoning blood.

4 Keep us till the call we hear,
When around the throne of light,
All the ransomed hosts appear,
In the robes of spotless white.

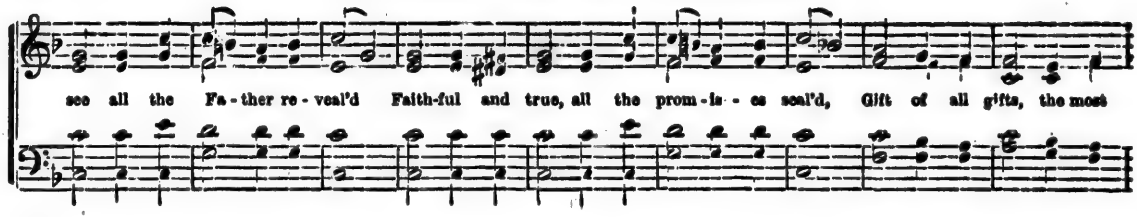
CAREFULLY, TEARFULLY.

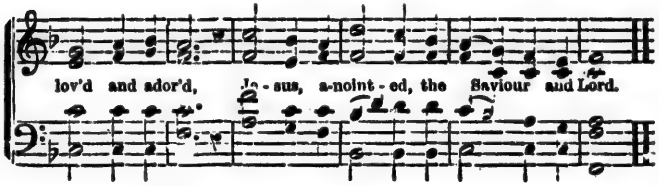
P. P. BLISS.

1 Care - ful - ly, tear - ful - ly will I draw nigh, Upward to Cal - va - ry lift - ing mine eye.

Mer-cy for all in the Saviour to see, Mer-cy a-bound-ing, a - bound-ing for me. There would I

CAREFULLY, TEARFULLY. *(Concluded.)*





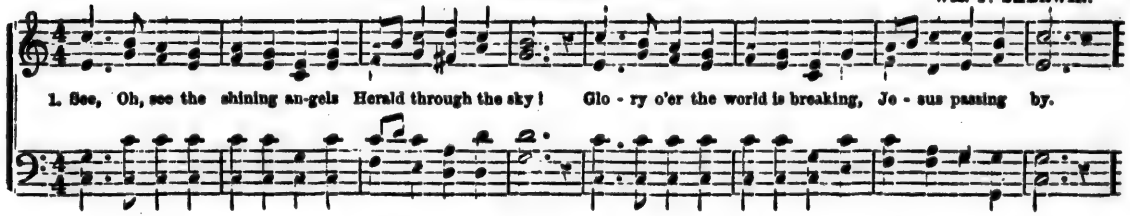
2 Carefully, tearfully will I draw nigh,
Upward to Calvary lifting mine eye;
Mercy for all in the Saviour to see,
Mercy abounding, abounding for me.
Beautiful feet on the mountain that bring
Tidings, glad tidings from Israel's King,
Peace, and salvation, and pardon divine,
Joy of all joys that salvation is mine.

3 Carefully, tearfully will I draw nigh,
Upward to Calvary lifting mine eye;
Mercy for all in the Saviour to see,
Mercy abounding, abounding for me.
Many the conflict through which He has pass'd,
Ended His sorrowful journey at last;
Wounded His head, and His hands, and His feet,
Finished! He cries, and His work is complete.

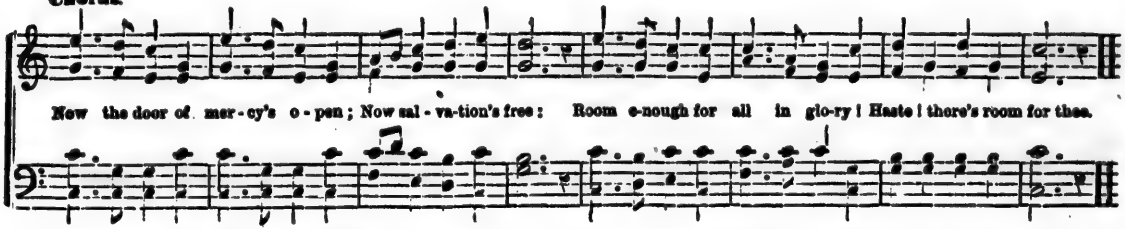
4 Carefully, tearfully will I draw nigh,
Upward to Calvary lifting mine eye;
Mercy for all in the Saviour to see,
Mercy abounding, abounding for me.
Altar, and victim, and priest to atone,
Treading the winepress of vengeance alone;
Stained are His garments, with tears and with blood,
Jesus, Redeemer! my Lord and my God.

THERE'S ROOM FOR THEE.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



Chorus.



2 See the signs of promise brighten,
Glorious days foretold!
Millions long in sin benighted
Press to Zion's fold.

3 Hear the Gospel trumpet sounding;
Mercy's waiting still;
Sinners, haste and seek salvation,
Whosoever will.

4 Wake, Oh wake, ye souls in darkness!
Wake! the day is nigh;
Glory on the hills is breaking,
Jesus passing by.

BLESSED SABBATH DAY. (OPENING.)

Sprightly.

1 Oh, wel-come, blessed Sabbath day, Sweet type of heav'nly rest! Be-neath thy bright and

cheer-ful ray Our hearts are ev - er blest. Oh, hail! . . . sweet Sabbath day, Oh, hail! - - sweet

Chorus.

ff

Oh, hail! Oh, hail!

Sab - bath day, We wel - come to our hearts a - gain God's blessed Sabbath day.

BLESSED SABBATH DAY. *(Concluded.)*

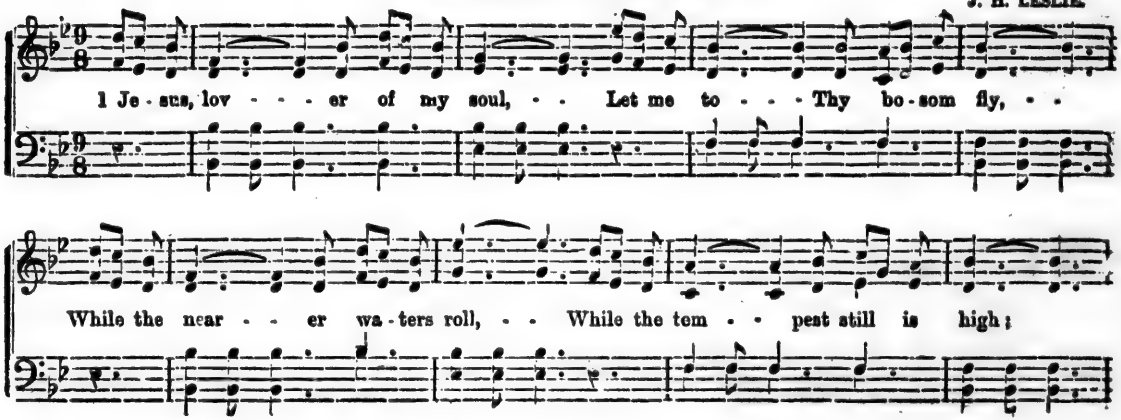
2 In love we sweetly gather here,
Where Christ doth meet His own,
And vie with angels while they sing
His praise around the throne.

3 Here in Thine earthly courts, Oh Lord,
Our humble thanks we bring;
Inspire our hearts, and seal our vows,
Accept our offering.

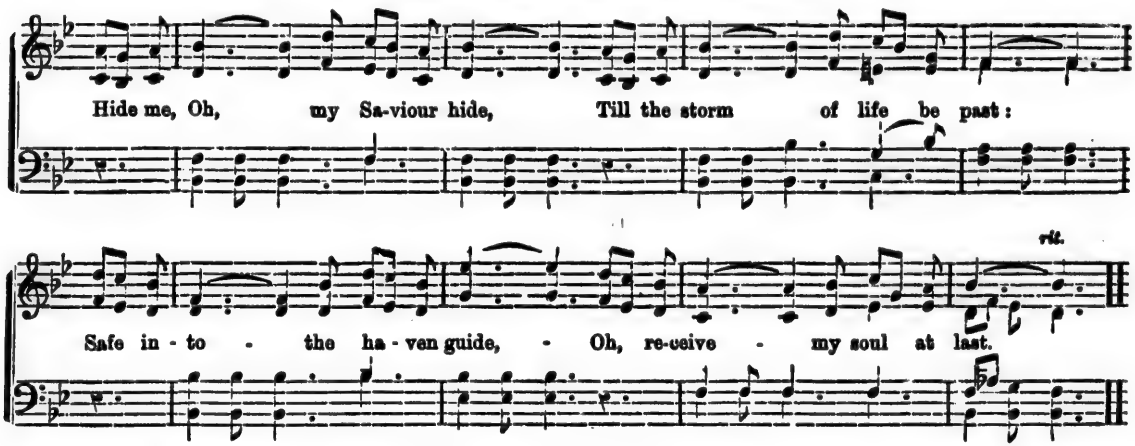
4 And when the day of life is past,
Our work on earth is o'er,
Oh, may we meet in heaven at last,
To praise thee evermore.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

J. H. LESLIE.



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. *(Concluded.)*



2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, Oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is strayed,
All my help from Thee I bring·
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

THE SAVIOUR DIED FOR ME.

S. H. BLAKESLEE.

1 When press'd with doubts and anxious fear, I trembling bow the knee, I know that God my pray'r will hear, For Je - sus died for me.

Chorus.

Oh, yes, the Saviour died for me, The bless-ed Saviour died for me, He shed His blood on Cal - va - ry, His pre - cious blood, for me.

Oh, yes, the Sav - iour died for me, The bless - ed Sav - iour died for me, He shed His blood on Cal - va - ry,

2 When gloomy darkness shrouds my soul,
And I no light can see,
I'll cry, though loudest thun ders roll,
The Saviour died for me.

3 And when I reach the blissful shore,
From sin and sorrow free,
Blood-wash'd, I'll sing for evermore,
My Saviour died for me.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

With expression. 1. 2. HARRY SANDERS.

1 Youth, re - mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor, Ere the e - vil days come nigh.
Wait not for the hours when la - ter, [*Omit* - - - - -] Sorrows darken heart and eye

But in life's resplendent morning, Glor - i - ous and fair to see, List the sol - emn voice of warn-ing,

'Tis thy Saviour calls for thee. List the sol - emn voice of warn - ing : 'Tis thy Saviour calls for thee.

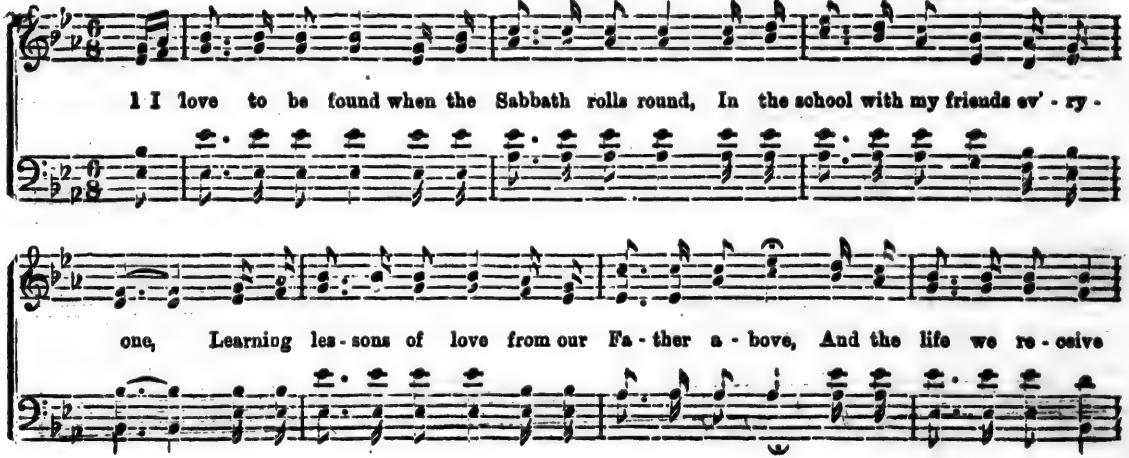
REMEMBER THY CREATOR. *(Concluded.)*

2 Happy they who seek Him early ;
He their youthful steps will guide,
Till the gates of heaven, pearly,
To their coming open wide ;

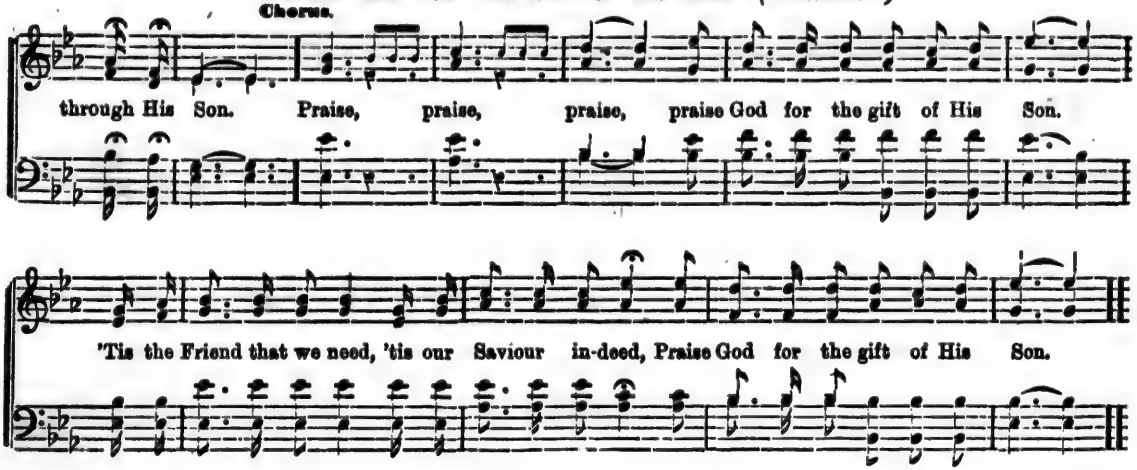
And, beside the radiant portal,
What bright watchers do we see ?
:Crowns and harps of joy immortal,
Where the Saviour waits for thee. :

PRAISE GOD FOR THE GIFT OF HIS SON.

HARRY SANDERS.



PRAISE GOD FOR THE GIFT OF HIS SON. *(Concluded.)*



2 He came as a child to our world sin defiled,
And to children His goodness made known,
Oh, His love is the gift that our souls shall uplift,
From the shadows of death to a throne.

3 Though dangers and foes our pathway oppose,
May we follow where Jesus leads on,
Till the sabbath of rest finds us safe with the blest,
Met again in the light of His throne.

4 Like children that wait round the beautiful gate,
We'll have harps in our hands, ev'ry one,
This shall be our delight in that world without night,
Praising God for the gift of His Son.

WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

Sprightly.

R. G. STAPLES.

1 Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea; Now is come the prom - is'd hour, Je - sus reigns with sov - ereign pow'r.

Chorus.

Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea; Wake, Oh, wake the song, Hail the promis'd hour, Je - sus shall reign with pow'r.

2 All ye nations join and sing,
Christ of lords and King of kings,
Let it sound from shore to shore:
Jesus reigns for evermore.

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice,
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.

WHEN WE GET HOME.

W. O. PERKINS.

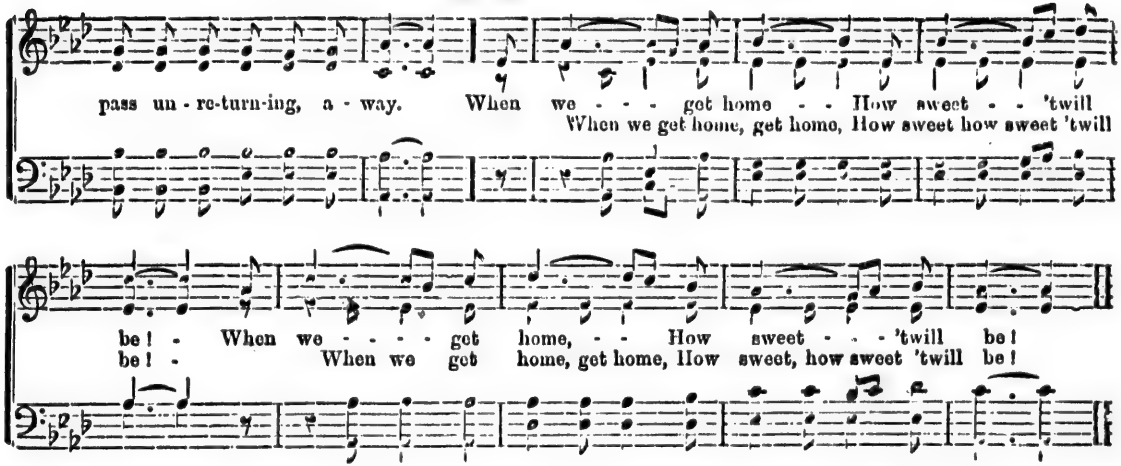
1 When we get home to that beau - ti - ful land, With its beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold; When

we have pass'd o'er the riv - er of death, And are safe in the heaven-ly fold; Wea - ri-some toil, tribu-

- la - tion and care, That burden our spir-its to - day, Like as a dream or a shad-ow shall pass—Shall

WHEN WE GET HOME. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.



2 When we get home from our wanderings here
To that clime where they wander no more;
When, with the lov'd that have pass'd into rest,
We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
Sorrow and strife, and our proneness to err,
The pain and the sickness we bear,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
And ne'er shall they trouble us there.

3 When we get home (and it will not be long
Till we finish our journey below);
When we shall lose every cumbering weight,
And the sins that doth hinder us so;
Tears that we shed in our sorrowful hours,
The fears and the doubts that molest,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
And reach not the home of the blest.

SINGING FROM THE HEART.

H. R. PALMER.

1 If you have a pleasant thought, Sing it, Sing it; Like the bird-ies in their sport,
2 Ev - 'ry gra-cious love of His, Sing it, sing it; Nothing sounds so well as this—

Sing it from the heart; Does the Ho - ly Spir - it move For the lambkins of His love,
Sing it from the heart; How He walk'd up - on the wave, Rescu'd Laz'rus from the grave,

SINGING FROM THE HEART. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.

Sing and point the fold a - bove Sing it from the heart. Sing - ing singing from the heart,
Died, our guil-ty souls to save, Sing it from the heart.

Sing - ing, singing from the heart,

Ah, the joys our songs im-part! Je - sus bless the tune - ful art— Sing - ing from the heart.

Ah, the joys our songs im-part! Je - sus bless the tune - ful art— Sing - ing from the heart.

3 Are you weary? are you sad?
Sing it, sing it;
Make yourselves and others glad—
Sing it from the heart;

Angels up before His face
Sing of His redeeming grace;
Give the Saviour endless praise,
Sing it from the heart.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

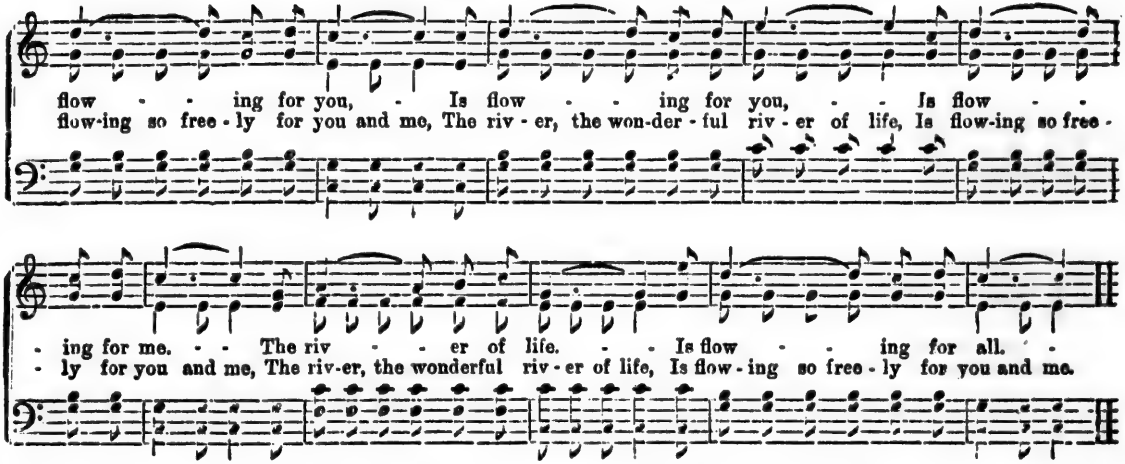
D. N. HOWE.

1 They sing of a riv - er whose val - ue and worth, Exceeds richest treasure or gem. Whose flowing is un - to the ends of the earth, Whose mission the ran-som of men.

Chorus.

The riv - - - er of life. - - The riv - - - er of life, - The riv - - - er of life - - Is
The riv - er, the won-der - ful riv - er of life, Is flow-ing so free - ly for you and me, The riv-er the wonder-ful riv-er of life, Is

THE RIVER OF LIFE. *(Concluded.)*



2 They tell us the bliss of that life-giving stream,
Whose waters are rivers of love;
But is it not better to taste than to dream
Of raptures of Canaan above?

3 They say that this river of healing is free
To all who will wash and be whole;
But is it not wiser for each one to see
This river of life in his soul.

4 What joy to the hearts now immersed in the stream
That flows from our Saviour's own side;
They feel that in them dwells this heavenly theme—
They're filled with the bliss of that tide.

SABBATH-SCHOOL PRAYER.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. 2.

1 Lord, with child-like faith we come, Humbly now Thy throne ad - dressing
Gath - er'd in our Sabbath home, [*Omit,* - - - - - - -] Wait-ing for Thy

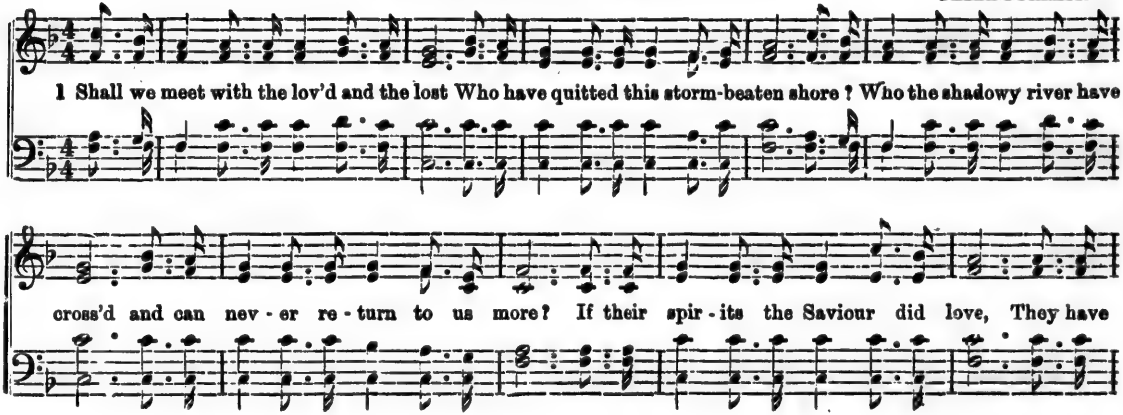
rich-est blessing; Grant that all our days be giv - en To Thy service, King of hea - ven.

2 Smile upon our youthful band,
Bless us with a Father's greeting;
Guide us by Thy loving hand;
Hear us, at Thy footstool pleading.
Meet us in the songs of heaven;
Help us feel our sins forgiven.

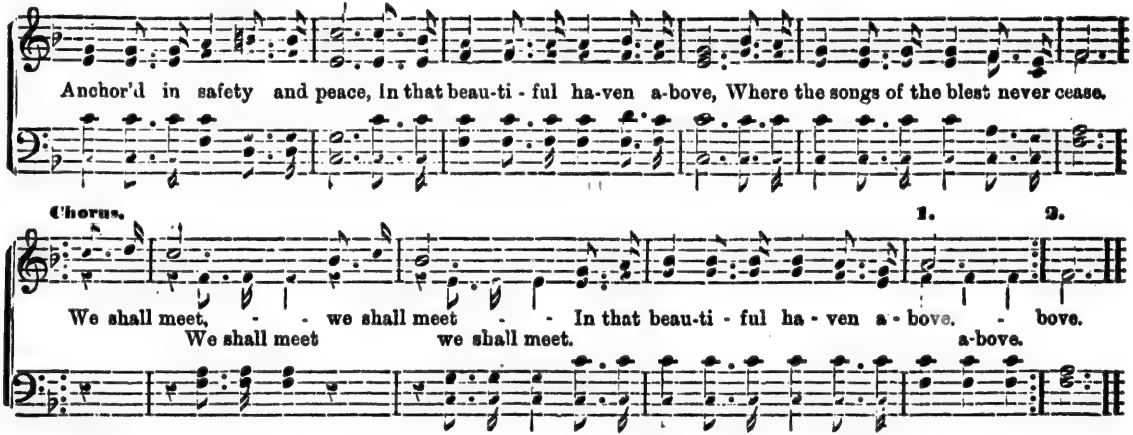
3 Keep us in Thy guardian care;
Shield us from the world's temptation;
Help us every cross to bear;
Bless us with Thy full salvation;
Take us when our lives are closing,
Safe in Jesu's arms reposing.

IN THAT BEAUTIFUL HAVEN ABOVE.

PETER FORREST.



IN THAT BEAUTIFUL HAVEN ABOVE. *(Concluded.)*

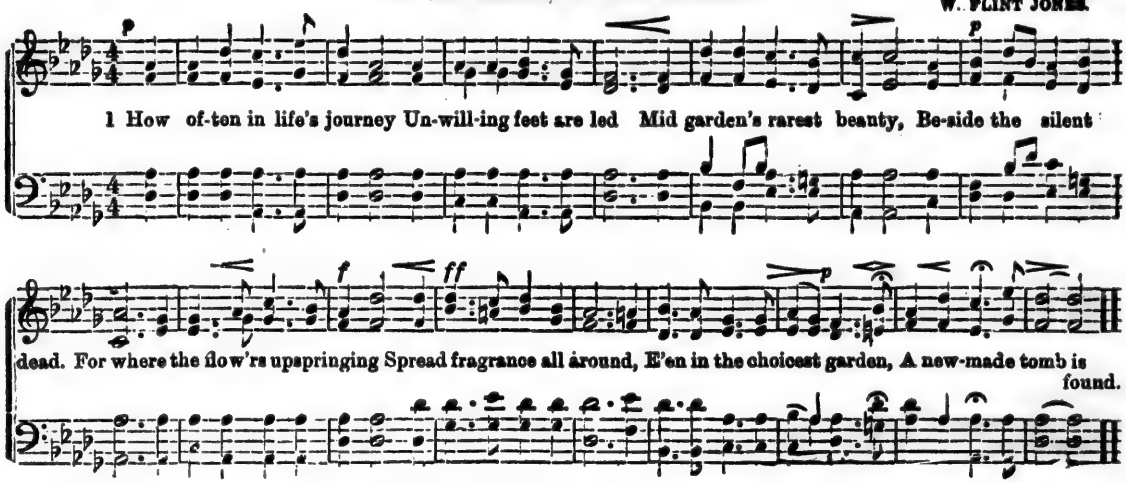


2 Shall we meet with the loved and the lost
We so tenderly cherished of yore?
Who the shadowy river have crossed—
Who have left us and gone on before?
If we faithfully serve Him below,
Who on Calvary suffered for men,
To that beautiful home we shall go,
Where we never shall lose them again.

3 Shall we meet with the loved and the lost,
With the gentle, the loving, and true,
Who the shadowy river have crossed—
Who have passed from our sorrowful view?
Lo, we followed them down to the deep,
And their foreheads we fervently kissed;
But in vain do we sorrow and weep,
They were lost to our sight in the mist.

THE SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN.

W. FLINT JONES.



2 The heart is garden fairest,
The hidden grief the tomb,
Unknown to careless gazers
Who only see the bloom.
The heart-ache deep is hidden
From laughing passers-by,
The grave where hopes lie buried
Lies screened from listless eye

3 Yet Christ's indwelling presence
Shall fill the tomb with light;
His resurrection power
Shall morning give for night.
Accept His proffered mercy,
Thou weary, burden'd soul,
So shall thy pain be lightened,
Thy heart made pure and whole

THE LITTLE REAPERS.

Earnestly.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

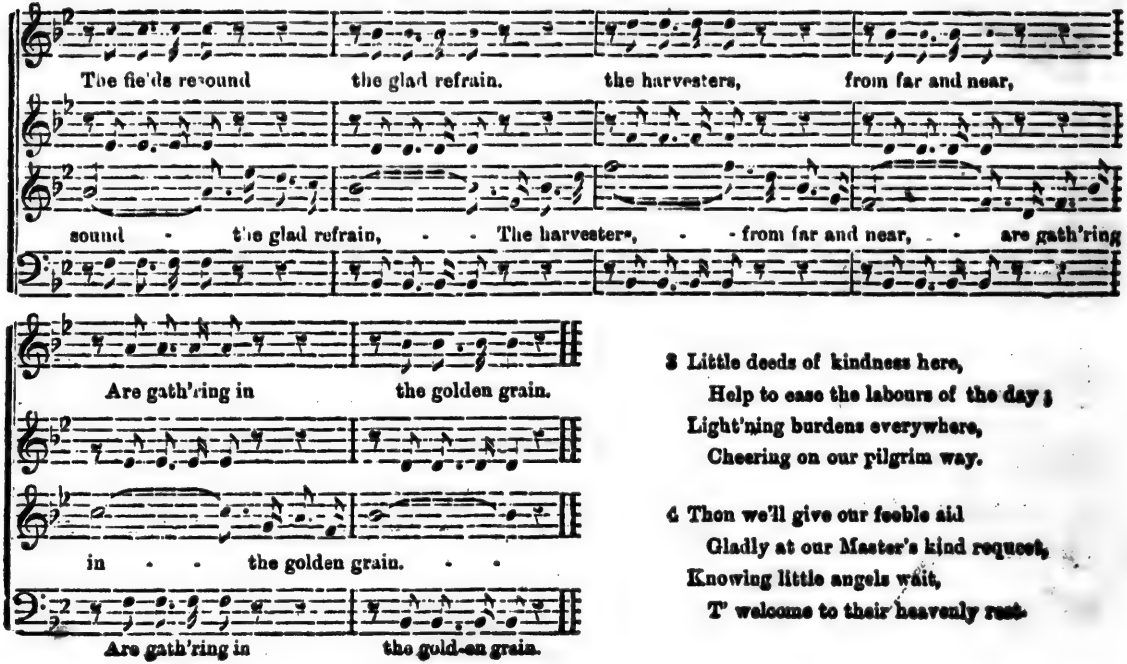
1 We cannot as idlers stand ; Though but young, our little hearts are true ; We must heed the Lord's command ;

2 Though we can-not burdens share, Little help will nev - er be in vain ; We may gath-er here and there

Lit - tle hands can la-bour too. Then, reap-ers, haste, The skies are clear,

Lit - tle waifs of gold - en grain. Then, reapers, haste, - - the skies are clear, - The fields re -

Then, reap-ers, haste, the skies are clear,



3 Little deeds of kindness here,
Help to ease the labours of the day;
Light'ning burdens everywhere,
Cheering on our pilgrim way.

4 Then we'll give our feeble aid
Gladly at our Master's kind request,
Knowing little angels wait,
T' welcome to their heavenly rest.

ON TO VICTORY.

Boldly.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

1 Sol-diers for whom the Saviour died, stand firmly by your Captain's side; Follow your Leader, He will guide On to vic-to - ry.

2 Sol-diers are gath'ring near and far, 'Listed for life in the ho-ly war; See them advance with banners fair, Clad in bright ar - ray.

3 Sol-diers of Christ, once more arise, Come in the strength which God supplies; Trust in that pow'r beyond the skies, Look to Calvary.

4 By all the ran-som Jesus gave, By His full triumph o'er the grave, Trust in His mighty pow'r to save, Firm and faithful be.

See how the foemen take the ground, Hark, how the signal trumpets sound; On to the conflict quickly bound, On, ye brave and free.

Gird-ed with armour, sword, and shield, Marching to win the glorious field; Lo! how the hordes of Satan yield, Fleeing in dis - may.

Tak-ing the Gos - pel for your guide, Lay ev'-ry doubt and fear a - side; Who neath the cross of Jesus hide, Gain the vic-to - ry.

Then when the hour of triumph's told, Angel's will bring the crowns of gold; Then shall the tear-dimm'd eye behold Glorious victo - ry.

Chorus.

Then a - wake, ye freemen true. Then a - wake, ye freemen true, On to du - ty glad - ly go, On to du - ty glad-ly go;

Then a - wake, - - - ye freemen true, - - - On to du - - - ty glad - ly go; - - -

Then a - wake, ye freemen true. Then a - wake, ye freemen true, On to du - ty glad - ly go, On to du - ty glad - ly go;

There's a glo-rious crown for you, There's a glo-rious crown for you, When you gain the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry.

There's a glo - - - rious crown for you, - - - - when you gain - - - the vic - to - ry.

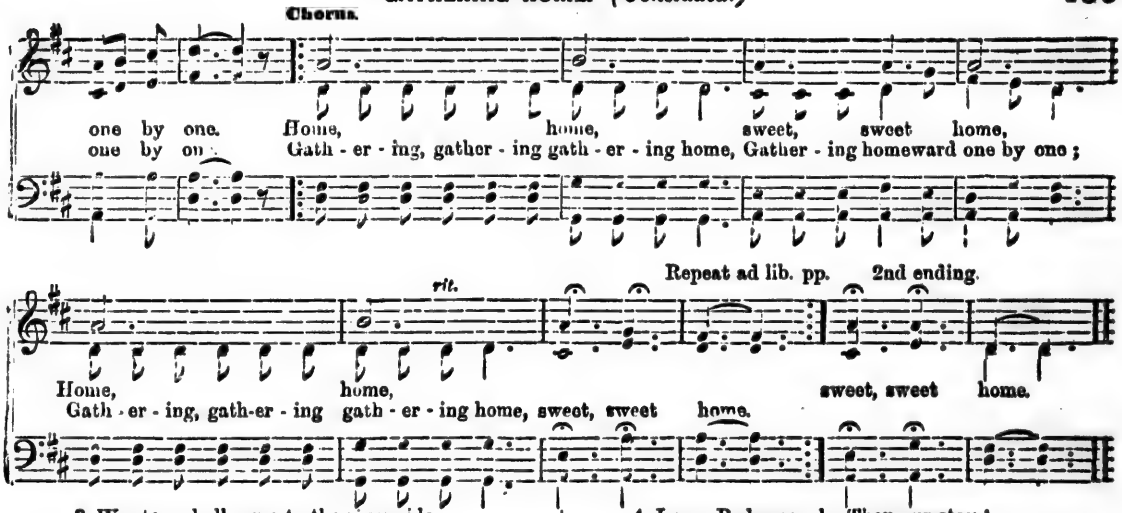
There's a glo-rious crown for you, There's a glorious crown for you, When you gain the vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry

GATHERING HOME.

O. R. BARROWS.

1 Gath-er - ing homeward from ev - ry land, Gath-er - ing one by one; Pil-grims are join - ing the heavenly band. Gath-er - ing one by one; Each brow's enclosed in a gold-en crown, Their trav-el-stain'd robes are all laid down, Gath-er - ing homeward from ev - 'ry land, Gath-er - ing

2 Lov'd ones have gone to that dis - tant shore, Gath-er - ing one by one; Oth - ers are go - ing for ev - er - more. Gath-er - ing one by one; Our sisters so gentle, our brothers so brave, The beau-ti - ful chil - dren o'er the wave, Gath-er - ing home ward from ev - 'ry land, Gath-er - ing



3 We, too, shall come to the river-side,
Gathering one by one;
Nearer its waters each eventide,
Gathering one by one;
Oh, Jesus, our fainting strength uphold,
The waves of that river are dark and cold;
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.

4 Jesus, Redeemer, be Thou our stay!
Gathering one by one;
Cross the dark river with us, we pray,
Gathering one by one;
Then boldly we'll come to Jordan's side,
And fearlessly breast its swelling tide,
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

GEO. A. MINOR

1 Sow - ing in the morning, sow - ing seeds of kindness, Sow - ing in the noon-tide and the dewy eves;

Wait - ing for the har-vest, and the time of reaping, We shall come, re - joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

Chorus.

1. 2.

Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic- [*Omit.* - -] ing, bringing in the sheaves

1 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and bye the harvest, and the labour ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustain'd our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

HARK! 'TIS THE SAVIOUR CALLING.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Hark! 'tis the voice of the Sav - iour, Tender-ly call - ing us home, Call - ing in sweetest of ac - cents,

Chorus.

Dear children, why longer roam? Hear Him call - ing, sweetly call - ing, Ten - der-ly call - ing us
Hear Him calling, sweetly calling,

home, - Hear Him call - ing, Sweet-ly call - ing, Dear children, why longer roam?
calling us home, Hear Him calling, sweet-ly calling,

2 Ye that are lonely, forsaken,
Weary, and by sin oppressed,
List to the pleading of Jesus,
Come to the joys of the blest.

3 Come in the bright hours of childhood,
Learn of the beautiful way,
Heed now the kind invitation,
Why will you longer delay.

EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

W. H. DOANE

Slowly

1 Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee; Let Thy precious blood ap-

Chorus.

plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side. Ev - 'ry day (and hour), ev'ry day (and hour), Let me

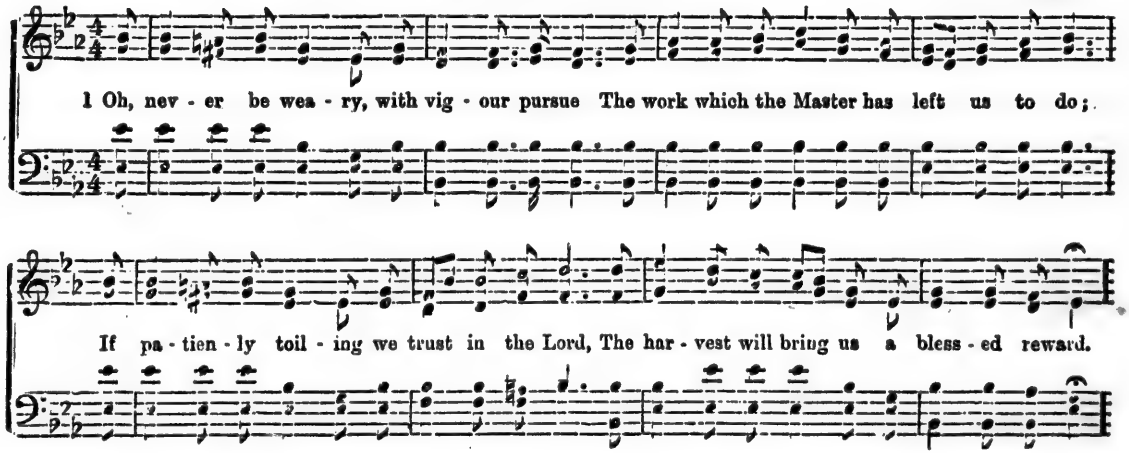
feel Thy cleansing pow'r; May Thy tender love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

2 Thro' this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

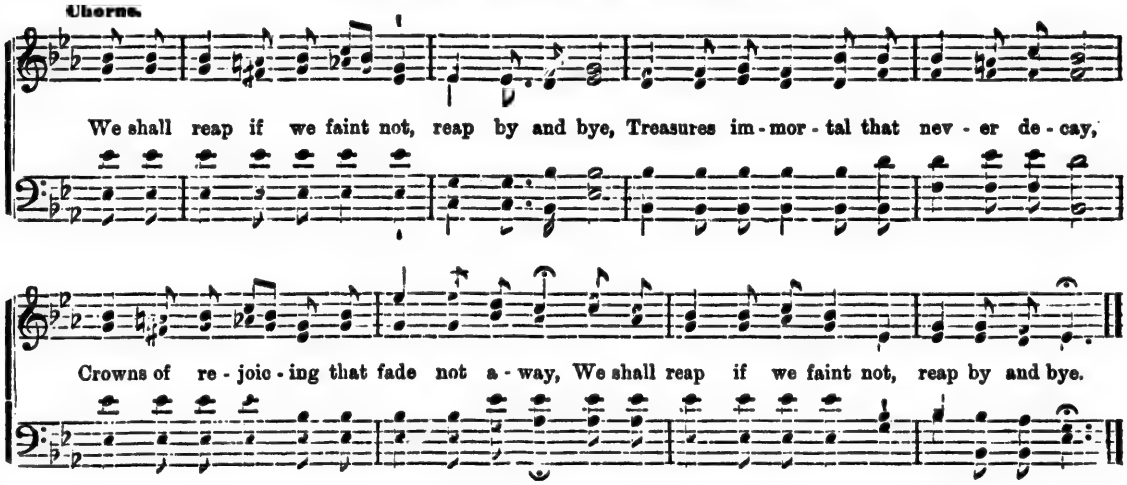
3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

WE SHALL REAP BY AND BYE

A. J. ABBEY.



WE SHALL REAP BY AND BYE. *(Concluded.)*



2 Oh, never be weary, but work with a will,
Our Father will surely His promise fulfil;
From seeds we have scattered in sorrow and tears
We'll gather bright sheaves when the harvest appears.

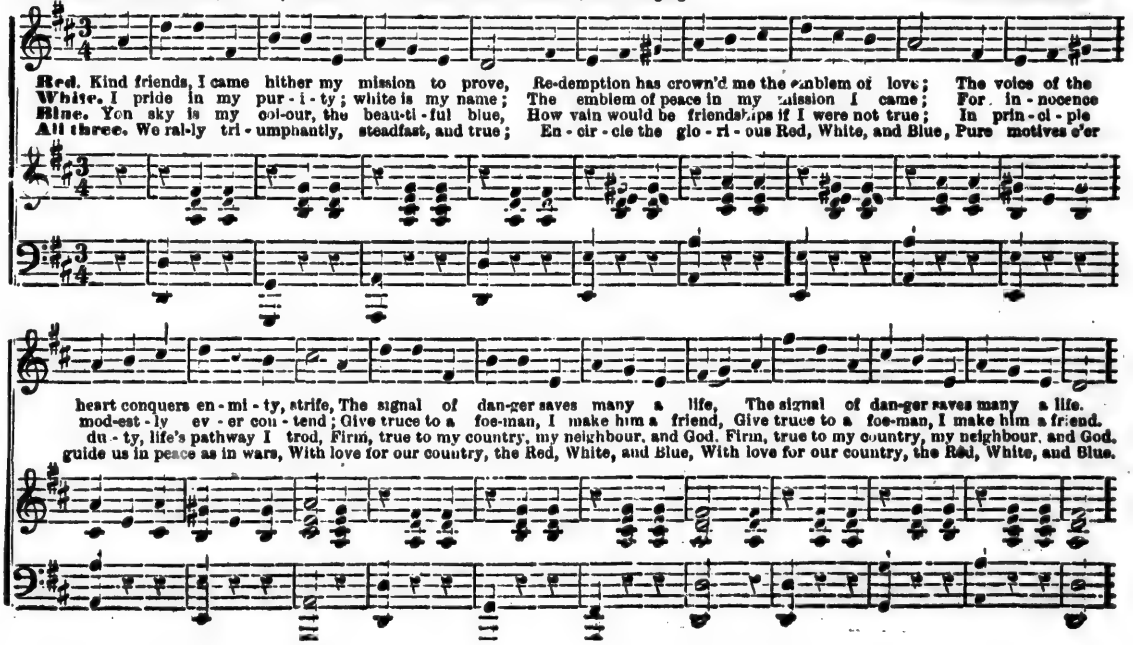
3 Oh, never be weary, through trial and care;
Be faithful to duty and earnest in prayer;
No labour for Jesus was ever in vain;
Go work in His vineyard, and wait for the rain.

4 Remember His mercy, remember His love,
Who came, our Redeemer, from glory above;
Then never be weary, but joyfully pursue,
The work which the Master has left us to do.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

MODE OF PERFORMANCE.—Three little girls; first dressed in Red, second in white, third in blue. Each sings her verse, advancing to front of Stage, standing beside each other; after they have advanced and finished their verses, let all three join in last verse, and while commencing the same, drop a large flag, which has been concealed, lowering it so that with words, "Encircle the glorious Red, White and Blue," they may clasp hands, and enclose the flag. In Full Chorus let the whole Class rise and join in singing.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



RED, WHITE, AND BLUE. *(Continued.)*

Full Chorus. *With spirit.*

Oh, England, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free; The shrine of each patriot's de - vo - tion,

When war wing'd its wide deso - la - tion, And threaten'd the land to deform; The ark, then, of freedom's foun-da-tion,

Then join we in praise to our Maker, And prayerful - ly ask of Him: May the wreaths they have won never wither,

A world offers homage to thee. Thy mandates make heroes as - sem-ble, When liber - ty's form stands in view.

Eng - land rode safe through the storm; With her garlands of vict'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,

Nor the star of their glo-ry grow dim; May the service u - ni-ted ne'er sev-er, But they to the colours prove true.

Thy ban-ners make ty-ran-ny tremble, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the Red, White, and Blue, The boast of the Red, White, and Blue,

The army and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue, Thy banners make ty - ran-ny tremble, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

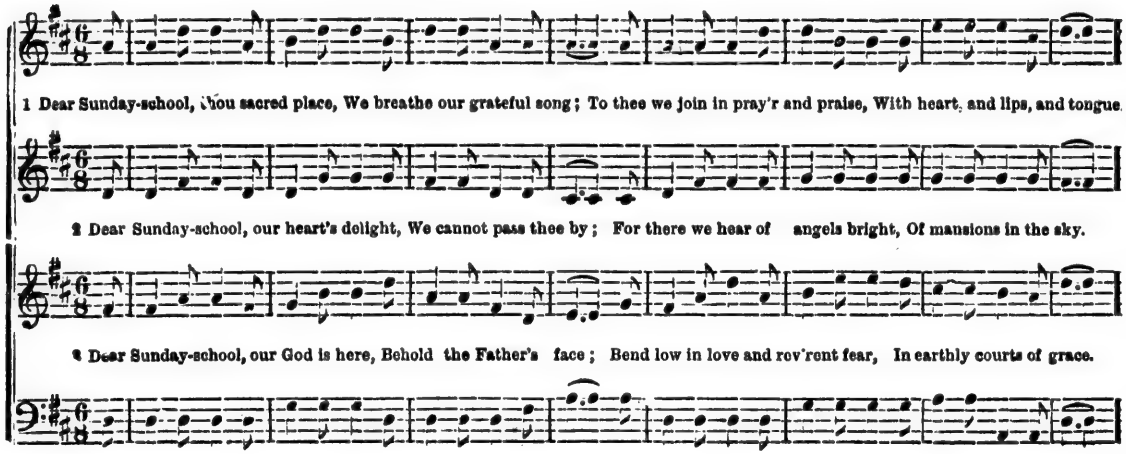
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue, Her flag float-ing proudly before her, The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, The army and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

OUR SABBATH HOME.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

MODE OF PERFORMANCE.—Ten girls seated on Stage, and ten boys seated back of girls. The Class to be formed in the rear of boys and girls. The ten girls and boys sing verses together. In Semi-chorus the girls rise two by two, making five divisions; each party sing as indicated. After the fifth division of girls, all the boys rise in their places, and with the girls sing the words, "Our Sabbath Home so dear." Full Chorus to be sung by the entire class.



OUR SABBATH HOME. *(Concluded.)*

pp *Semi Chorus. Inst. Accom.*

1st Div. Girls rise. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 10 Boys rise.

We love thy halls, we love thy walls, We love thy sacred sphere; We love thy songs, we love thy throngs, Our Sabbath home so dear.

Semi-Chorus. Inst. Accom.

Full Chorus by entire Class.

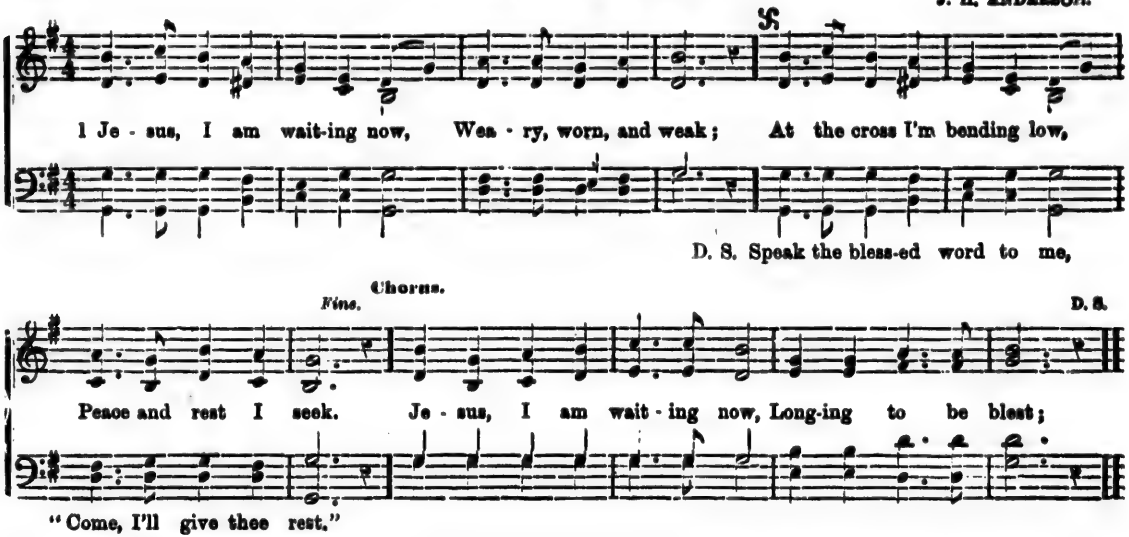
Our Sabbath home, dear Sabbath home, Our own dear home of praise and pray'r; Our Sabbath home, dear Sabbath home, Our own, &c.

Our Sab - bath home, Our own dear home of praise and pray'r; Our Sabbath home, Our own dear Sabbath home.

Our Sabbath home, dear Sabbath home, Our own dear home of praise and pray'r; Our Sabbath home, dear Sabbath home, Our own, &c.

WAITING AT THE CROSS.

J. H. ANDERSON.

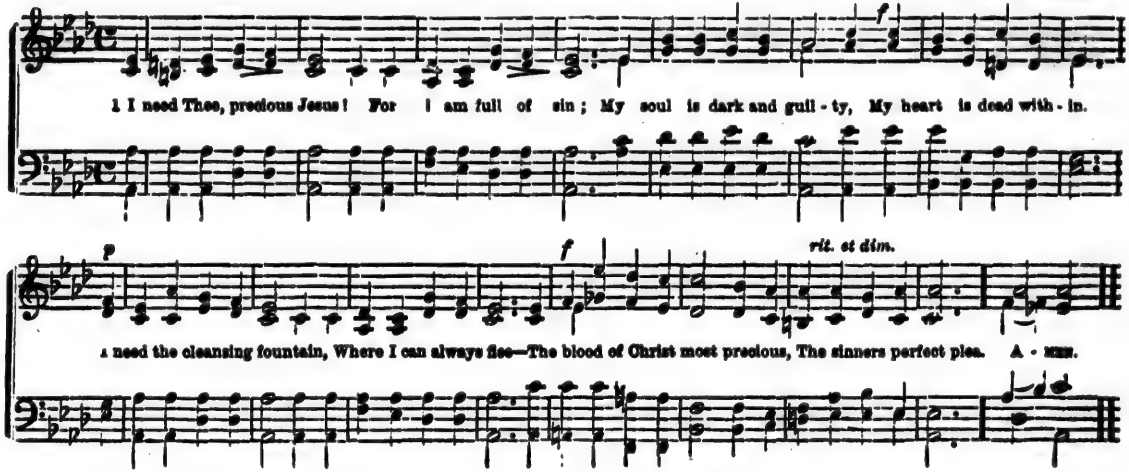


2 Long I've wandered far from Thee,
In the paths of sin;
Let my sorrow plead for me,
Jesus, take me in.

3 Chase my heart's unrest away,
Bid its troubles cease;
Let me feel Thy love to-day,
Give me Thy sweet peace.

I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS

HENRY WHISH.



2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my Strength and Stay.

3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus—
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee

HILLS OF AMETHYST.

HARRY SANDERS.

1 Lift thine eyes un - to the hills, Thou in sad - ness weep-ing; There a joy - ous mur - mer thrills

D. S. Past the hills of Am - e - thyst

Fine. D. S.

From the an - gels reaping; Death is but the morning mist, Christian, ris-ing o'er thee.

Shines the day of glo - ry.

2 Dost thou miss the golden grain,
Snowy buds immortal?
Would'st thou have them back again,
Look at heaven's portal.

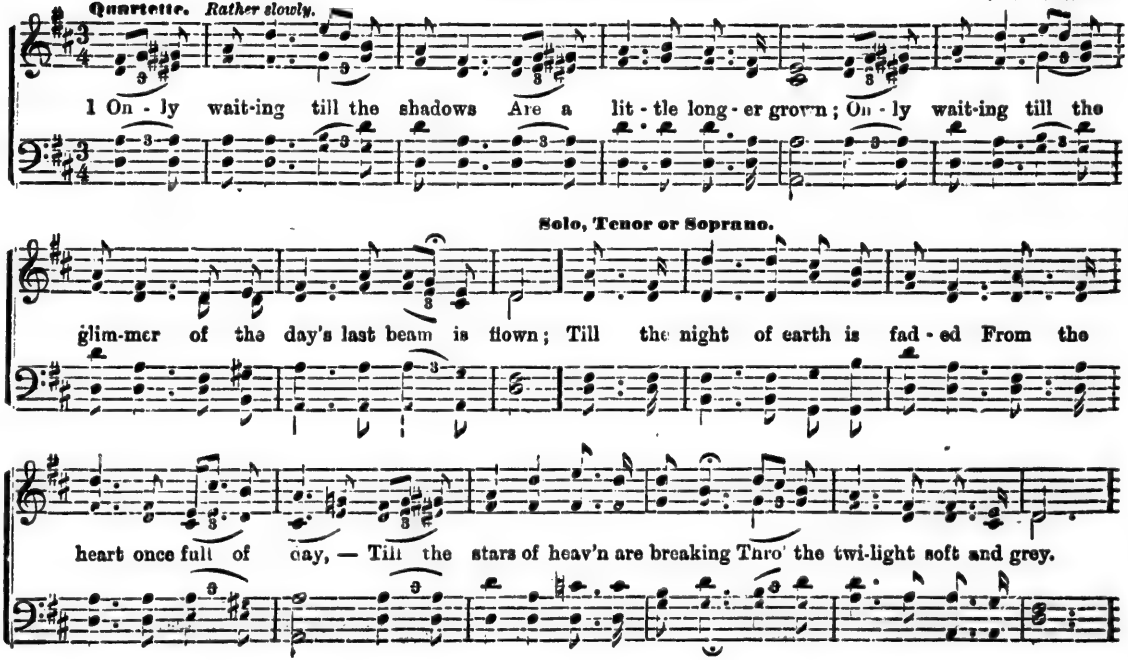
3 Lift Thy tearful eyes in trust,
Christ thy treasures keeping;
He who measures earthly dust
Human tear-drops weeping.

4 Dost thou fear the open grave,
Fear death's narrow prison?
Jesus died the lost to save;
Jesus has arisen.

Dark and still the night may be
Just before the dawning;
Jesus will keep watch with thee,
Jesus brings the morning.

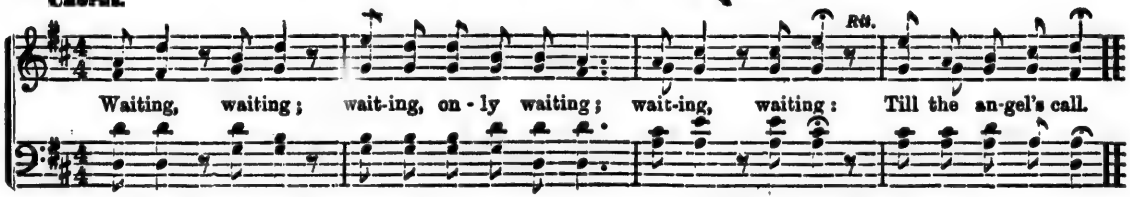
WAITING, ONLY WAITING.

W. H. DOANE.



WAITING, ONLY WAITING. *(Concluded.)*

Chorus.

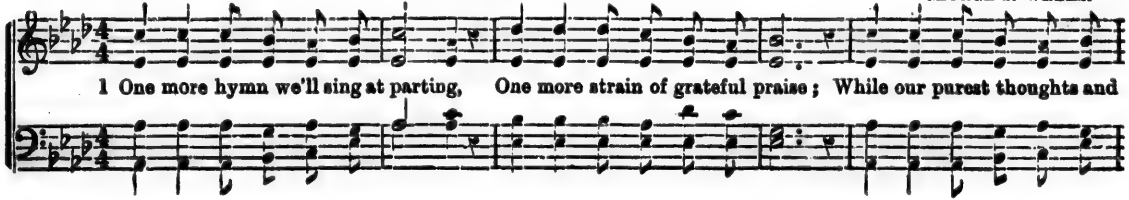


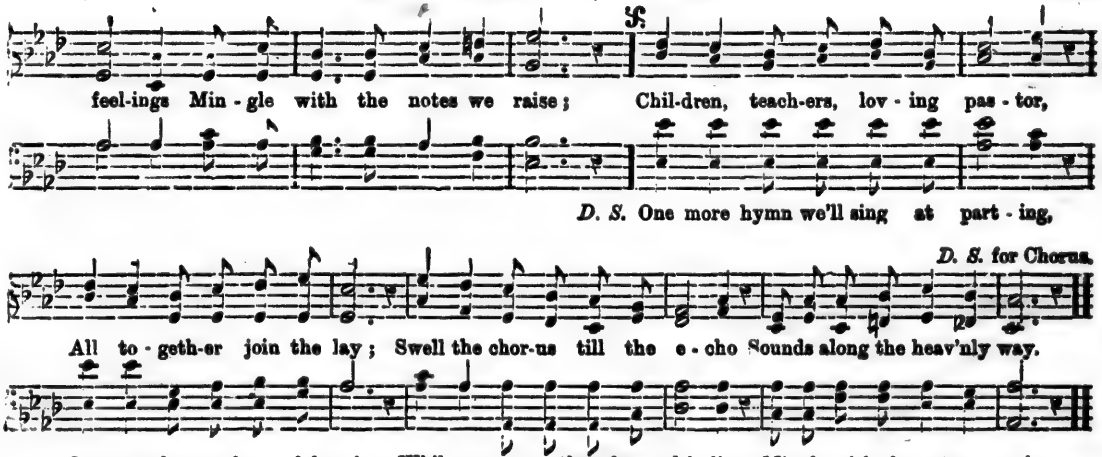
2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the Autumn winds have come:
Quickly, reapers, quickly gather
The last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate:
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting;—
Only waiting to obey.

ONE MORE HYMN

GEORGE S. WEEKS.

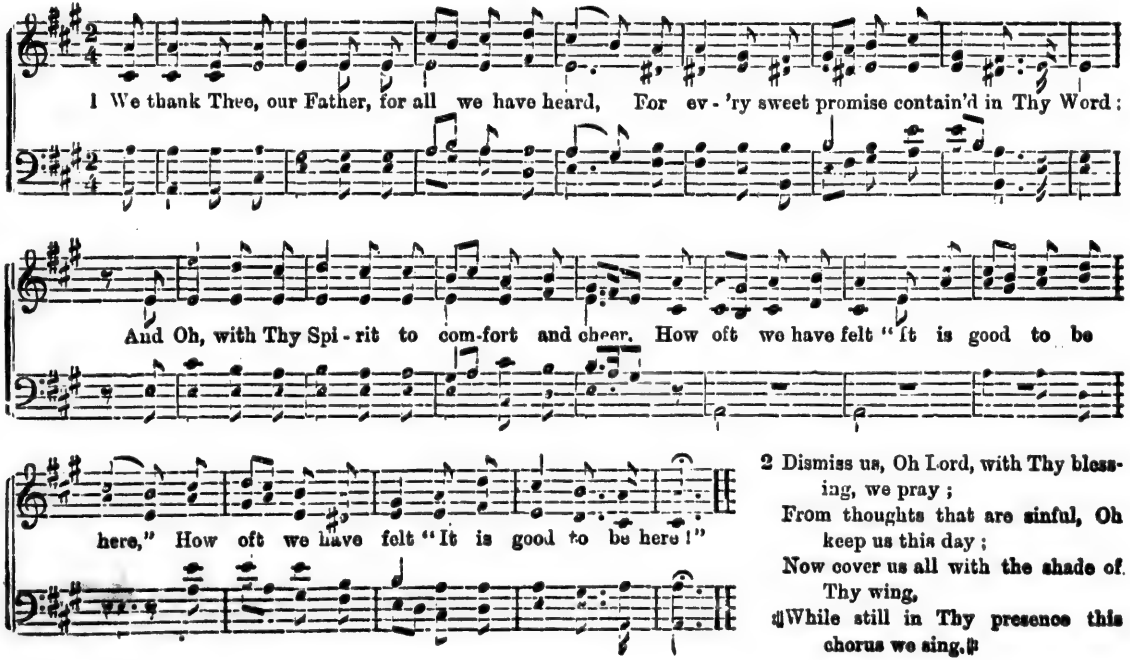




2 Be the measure sweetly tender;
Sing of mercy pure and free;
ing of Jesus, precious Saviour—
Him who died for you and me;
ing how great His loving kindness
To His children day by day,—
low with gentle hand He leads them
All along the shining way.

3 Let us look by faith to Jesus,
Lowly bending at His feet:
Humbly ask His love to guide us,
When we leave this dear retreat;
Father, grant us now Thy blessing;
Saviour, make us ever Thine;
Holy Spirit, be our comfort;
Fill our hearts with love divine.

PORTUGUESE. (CLOSING HYMN.)



2 Dismiss us, Oh Lord, with Thy blessing, we pray;
From thoughts that are sinful, Oh keep us this day;
Now cover us all with the shade of Thy wing,
While still in Thy presence this chorus we sing.

INDEX TO THE WORDS.

PAGE

Angry words; Oh, let them never 90
Ask for the old path 27

Behold the changing autumn leaves..... 66
Beyond the clouds that o'er us form..... 28
Blessed are they that do His commandments 88
Blessed Scripture! priceless treasure..... 56

Carefully, tearfully will I draw nigh..... 178
Children of the heavenly King 23
Come, come to the Sunday-school..... 9
Come, let us join our cheerful songs..... 6
Come, let us pray; 'tis sweet to feel 19
Come, Oh, come with thy broken heart .. 4
Come, stay thy feet by the sheltering rock 74

Day by day, where'er I journey..... 61
Dear Saviour, from Thy throne above 84
Dear Sunday-school, thou sacred place.... 203
Don't be idle, don't be idle 92

Each cooing dove and sighing bough 138

Floating on between the shadows 46
From the land of toil and duty 120

Gathering homeward from every land 193
Gathering in the early dawn 88
Gather up the fragments 142
Gentle Saviour, be thou near us 67
Glad as the morning, swift as the light... 93

PAGE

Glory, glory, glory to Israel's God..... 124
Go work in My vineyard, the labourers are 170
Guide me, Oh, thou great Jehovah 69

Happy children here unite, sweetly chant 172
Hark! a whisper soft and low..... 117
Hark! from the midnight hills around... 141
Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs are .. 65
Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing .. 137
Hark! 'tis the voice of the Saviour 201
"He leadeth me" 26
Here I'm kneeling by my bedside 77
Ho! my comrades, see the signal 111
How much owest thou? 159
How often in life's journey 193
How sweet to feel the Saviour near 104

I have heard of a land far away..... 78
I heard the voice of Jesus say..... 122
I love to be found when the Sabbath rolls 181
I'm a pilgrim and a stranger passing over 123
I may not know all the joyful songs of.... 86
I need Thee, precious Jesus..... 211
I will go and tell my Saviour 49
If you have a pleasant thought 186
In happy song our voices we will raise .. 156
"In me ye may have peace" 15
In our homes, and on our way..... 103
In the golden sunlight, shining bright.... 94

Jesus, high in glory 149

PAGE

Jesus, lover of my soul..... 177
Jesus, I am waiting now 210
Jesus, I come to Thee..... 163
Jesus is our Leader..... 128
Jesus, in thy glorious dwelling 168
Jesus, once a little child 13

Kind friends, I came hither my mission to 205

Lift thine eyes unto the hills 212
Lift to God the voice of singing..... 169
Listen to the Sabbath bell 160
Lo! a fountain, full and free 25
Lord, with child-like faith we come 130

Marching on in the glory of our King 100
Messenger angels are singing 106
My Father, I would be Thy child 95
My Saviour, Thou who once on earth 13

No book is like the Bible..... 8
No surrender to the foe..... 105

Oh city of the jasper wall..... 150
Oh, have you not heard of that realm 50
Oh, I long to cross over..... 51
Oh, Jerusalem, the golden! city bright .. 70
Oh, listen to the welcome sound 22
Oh, never be weary, with vigour pursue.. 203
Oh, Saviour, I am blind 21
Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep..... 102

INDEX TO THE WORDS

PAGE

Oh, the clanging bells of time 113
Oh, welcome, blessed Sabbath day 176
Oh, we love the Bible—book divine 158
Oh, wondrous story of the Lord 45
One more hymn we'll sing at parting 214
Only waiting till the shadows..... 213
Onward, Christian soldiers 24
Onward, press onward, the great command 82
Onward! upward! Christian soldier..... 130
Open the door for the children 40
Our Father, who art in heaven 116
Over the river! Oh, what is there? 7

Pass me not, Oh gentle Saviour 8
Plenty of work for the Master to do 53
Praise ye the Lord; let your voices 62

Quiet as a peaceful river 81

Raise your banner high in air..... 114
Rally round the Bible..... 115
Rejoice, all ye believers..... 58
Ring the merry bells, the silver-sounding 134

Saviour, Jesus! pass not by..... 63
Saviour, more than life to me..... 202
Saviour! Thy gentle voice gladly we hear 101
See! Oh, see the shining angels..... 175
See! the Church of Christ arises 146
Shall we meet with the lov'd and the lost 191
Sing hosanna, loud hosanna..... 165

PAGE

Sing it out with a shout—Hallelujah 84
Sing the praises of the Saviour 89
Soldiers, for whom the Saviour died..... 196
Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of... 200
Speak gently to your father..... 112
Step by step, and day by day 43
Sunshine, bright sunshine is cheering us.. 154

Take the cross, take the cross, hold it up 60
Ten thousand times ten thousand..... 132
The Gospel bells are ringing..... 80
The mistakes of my life have been many 38
There is a fountain filled with blood..... 118
There is a name I love to hear 48
There is no love like the love of Jesus.... 143
There's a beautiful land far away 36
There's a beautiful star, a beautiful star.. 57
There's a beautiful valley brought to view 16
There's a book which surpasses the sages.. 12
There's a city like a bride, far beyond the 144
There's a firm, sheltering rock 42
There's a kingdom above 14
There's a narrow road that leads to endless 32
There's an old, old song of a love so deep 20
They have reached the sunny shore 108
They sing of a river whose value and worth 188
To arms! to arms! ye soldiers 30
To the work! to the work 68
'Tis a goodly, pleasant land that we 72
'Tis the holy day of rest 157

Wake the song of jubilee..... 183

PAGE

Walk in the light the Lord hath given.... 5
Wanderer, come, there's room for thee .. 85
Watchman on the walls of Zion..... 148
We are coming, gladly coming..... 110
We are but young, yet we may sing..... 79
We cannot as idlers stand..... 194
We haste to Thy temple, Oh, Father 1
Welcome the sound of the musical bells.. 152
We shall be like Him..... 131
We thank Thee, our Father, for all we .. 216
We weary on our journey..... 162
We welcome with delight..... 76
We will rally to the standard 10
What are those soul-reviving strains..... 140
What star is this, with beams so bright .. 39
What though the fig-tree blossom not.... 96
What were life without some one to cheer 54
When a few more years are blended.... 44
When earth's boist'rous storms arising .. 136
When my weary hands are folded 18
When press'd with doubts and anxious fear 179
When, streaming from the eastern skies.. 167
When we leave our home below..... 64
When we got home to that beautiful land 184
Who are these, like stars appearing 98
Who is the King of Glory..... 161
With joyful hearts we look to Thee 164
With joy we hail the sacred day..... 2
Work when the morning shineth 127
Would you gain the best in life..... 52

Youth, remember thy Creator 139

INDEX TO THE MUSIC.

	PAGE
A Child's Morning Hymn	77
Always with us	103
Angelic Songs	65
Angry Words	90
Ask for the Old Path	27
Beautiful Valley	16
Beautiful Sunshine	154
Beautiful Vale of Rest	164
Be in our midst to-day	1
Bless us, Children, now	34
Blessed Cross of Jesus	35
Blessed are They	88
Blessed Sabbath Day	176
Bringing in the Sheaves	200
Busy little Gleaners	83
Come to the Sunday School	9
Carefully, Tearfully	173
Christ, My Helper	61
Christmas Carol	137
City like a Bride	144
City of the Jasper Wall	150
Come with Thy Broken Heart	4
Come, let us Pray	19
Coming, Gladly Coming	110
Crown of Life	162
Don't be Idle	92
Eternity	118
Every Day and Hour	202
Gather up the Fragments	142
Gathering Home	198
Glory to Israel's God	124
God is with us	169
Go, Work in my Vineyard	170
Guidance	69
Hark! 'tis the Saviour Calling	201
He Leadeth Me	26
Heralds of Zion	93
Hold it up to the World	60
Hosanna in the Highest	140
Hour of Parting	67
How Much Owest Thou?	159
Hills of Amethyst	212
I Long to Cross Over	50
In the Glorious Sunlight	46
I Need Thee, Precious Jesus	211
In Happy Song	156
In that Beautiful Haven above	191
I've been Redeem'd	118
I will Go and be Forgiven	49
Jesus, High in Glory	149
Jesus is our Leader	128
Jesus is All in All	161
Jesus, I Come to Thee	168
Jesus Loves our Sunday School	172
Jesus, Lover of my Soul	177
Jesus, once a Little Child	18
Keep Step Ever	52
Kittredge	122
Lead me to the Rock	42
Let Thy Mercy Shine on Me	8
Lights along the Shore	123
Marching On	32
Memories of Galilee	138
Messenger Angels	106
Morning and Evening	167
'Neath the Shadow of Thy Wing	136
No Book like the Bible	8
No Surrender	105
Oh, Glorious Hope	28
Oh, Make Me Thine	95
Oh, Saviour, I am Blind!	91
Oh, we Love the Bible	158
One more Hymn	214
Onward, Christian Soldiers	24
On, for the Prize	109
On to Victory	114
On to Victory	193
Onward, Upward	180

INDEX TO THE MUSIC.

	PAGE
Open the Door for the Children	40
Our Festive Song	76
Our Cheerful Sabbath Home	94
Our Sabbath Home	208
Over the River	7
Overflowing Ever	25
Peace of God	15
Plenty of Work	53
Portuguese	216
Praise God for the Gift of His Son	181
Praise Ye the Lord	62
Precious Words of Peace	104
Quiet as a Peaceful River	31
Rally Round the Bible	115
Red, White, and Blue	205
Remember Me	45
Remember Thy Creator	180
Ring the Glad Bells	152
Ring the Merry Bells	133
Sabbath Home	157
Sabbath School Prayer	190
Saviour, Jesus! Pass Not By	63
Saviour, Thy Gentle Voice	101
Say a Kind Word When You Can	54
Scholar's Greeting Song	6
See, the Church of Christ Arises	146
Sing Hosanna	165
Sing it Out with a Shout	84
Sing of His Love	23
Sing the Praises of the Saviour	89
Singing From the Heart	186
Songs of Heaven	86
Speak Gently to the Loving Ones	112
Stand Fast for the Word	56
Star, Beautiful Star	57
Step by Step	43
Storm the Fort	111
Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand	132
The Beautiful Land Far Away	86
The Beautiful Summer Land	64
The Blessed Book	12
The Child's Morning Hymn	77
The Children's Song	168
The Christian's Song	20
The Golden City	70
The Gospel Bells	80
The Kingdom Above	14
The Little Reapers	196
The Lord's Prayer	116
The Love of Jesus	143
The Mistakes of My Life	88
The Name of Jesus	48
The New "Over There"	108
The Palace of the King	72
The Reapers	66
The River of Life	188
The Rock that is Higher	102
The Saviour Died for Me	179
The Saviour Draweth Nigh	58
The Sabbath Bell	160
The Sepulchre in the Garden	193
The Sheltering Rock	74
The Voice Within	117
There's Room for All	22
There's Room for Thee	175
To Arms! To Arms! ye Soldiers	30
To Be There	73
To the Work	68
Trust in God	96
Walk in the Light	5
Waiting at the Cross	210
Waiting, only Waiting	213
Wake the Song of Jubilee	183
Watchman on the Walls of Zion	143
We are Going	120
We are but Young	79
We shall be Like Him	131
We Shall Know Each Other There	44
We shall Reap By and Bye	203
We will Rally to the Standard	10
What Star is This with Beams so Bright	89
When My Weary Hands are Folded	18
When we get Home	184
Who are These	98
Who'll Be For Jesus	82
With Joy we Hail the Sacred Day	2
Work, Watch, Pray	127

AGE
179
58
100
193
74
117
22
175
30
73
68
96

5
210
213
183
143
120
79
31
44
03
10
39
18
84
98
82
2
27